The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

DEM. CO. COM.

Bellefonte, N. W	C M Bower
" S. W	Patrick Garrety
" W. W	Joseph W Gross
Centre Hall Borough	J W M'Cormick
Howard Borough	M I Gardner
Milesburg Borough	J Willis Weaver
Millheim Borough	C W Harter
Philipsburg, 1st W	J D Ritter
" 2d W	J H Riley
" 3d W	Jackson Gorton
Unionville Borough	L J Bing
Benner	John Mechtley
Boggs, N P	Philip Confer
" W P	T F Adams
" E P	H L Barnhart
College	Daniel Grove
Curtin	T S Delong
Ferguson, E P	John T M'Cormick
" W P	Samuel Harpster Jr
Gregg, S P	Geo B Crawford
" N P	J C Rossman
Haines, E P	J A Bowersox
" W P	C A Weaver
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Harris	C C Meyer
Howard	Franklin Dietz
Huston	John Q Miles
Liberty	D W Herring
Marion	Harry McDowell
Miles	J Grmley
Patton	D L Meek
Penn	W F Smith
Potter, N P	B F Arney
" S P	G L Goodheart
Rush, S P	Hugh McCann
" N P	R C Wilcox
Snow Shoe, W P	Patrick Kelly
" " E P	R J Haynes Jr
Spring	J N Brooks
Taylor	Wm T Hoover
Union	Aaron Fahr
Walker	J H McCauley
Worth	Levi Reese

WM. C. HEINLE, Chairman.

If elixir, why tar-and-feather him.

Indiana has an octogenarian who has eaten nothing for 68 days, drinking about three pints of water since June 14. What need he care if provisions are high.

Gov. Beaver having been kicked and cuffed recently on account of Johnstown affairs is now catching it just as lively for preventing the shooting of a glandered horse in camp Sheridan.

It is reported that Henderson and Decker will have a hypodermic injection of Brown-Sequard's elixir, so as to be certain of living out every day of their term in the commissioner's office.

John L. Sullivan was sentenced to twelve months in prison and Referee Fitzpatrick pleaded guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $200, by the court in Mississippi, on Saturday, for the slugging match he had down there.

One after another the woolen mills of the country are failing. Every week brings two or three that went under. The cause is the tariff on wool, which the Democrats propose to remove in order to relieve these industries from the tax on raw material.

The elixir of life, so called, has proved an elixir of death already in a number of cases, bringing on blood poisoning and causing intense suffering and death. In this as in many other cases "a little learning is a dangerous thing." Men with the merest smattering of medical knowledge are always among the first to rush into experiments with new ideas, and in nearly every case do vast harm. The Brown-Sequard elixir is a fluid taken from the glands of freshly slain rams.

Pay day is a good day and a bad day. Saturday was general pay day in the Wilkesbarre mines and as a result there were three murders in the region. At Pittston, John Tates struck Thomas Snell on the temple, killing him instantly. At the same place Charles Fitzgerald was stabbed twice in the abdomen and died. At Plymouth Michael Minlinski stabbed Joe Ledvoucheiki, inflicting a fatal wound.

At Pittsburg on 17 inst, the South Fork fishing and hunting club, through its solicitors, filed a plea of not guilty in the case of Nancy W. Little and children against the club. This plea has the effect of placing the case upon the issue docket for trial. It will, therefore, be tried by a jury as soon as its turn comes on the calendar. The plea of the club was a voluntary one, and defendants do not generally plead until so ordered by the court. It shows that the club is not shirking the issue, and is anxious to have the matter settled as soon as possible.

A Cincinnati physician sticks to the elixir. Dr. Longfellow has treated 49 patients with the Brown-Sequard elixir, and says of that number 40 per cent. have been benefitted, some a great deal, others less. In but one case has any special inflamation resulted. and that far from dangerous. Results so far have been permanent, notwithstanding newspaper reports to the contrary. Dr. Longfellow attributes his success with the elixir to its proper administration.

Other doctors seem to think there is nothing in the elixir, others do. Their experiences are variable, while the majority do not think it of any practical benefit.

Why Called America.

Mr. Moulton Emery, of Charleston, S. C., under date of July 26, replies to a remark of the New York Tribune that "at the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery by Columbus there ought to be room for a protest against the wrong which was done to him by calling the country after another, and for the application to Amerigo Vespucci of the epithet "charlatan and liar." He takes the ground that these words might "with equal truth and justice be applied to Columbus himself, had the continent received his name; for it is a historical fact that the New World was discovered 500 years before him by Leif, the son of Eric the Red; and if there is to be any protest in the matter of name it would be well to have it made in behalf of the bold and daring Icelander whose glorious achievement was shrouded in the gloom of an icy clime for centuries, to be restored to life, to be repeated by Columbus, inspired, doubtless, thereto by the traditions of a Western world which he learned in Iceland on his voyage to that country."

Mr. Emery continues: "Amerigo Vespucci had no part in the bestowal of his name on the new world. It was the act of a body of learned men. Columbus always believed that the country he had discovered was a part of Asia; but the discerning and comprehensive mind of Vespucci thought differently—he believed it to be a seperate continent. His written description of the country, its people, climate and productions, convinced the learned men of Europe that his views were correct.

"The suggestion of America as a proper name for the new continent came from Matthias Ringman, the poet, and the Professors of the College of St. Die, in Lorraine among the Vosges Mountains, in a corner of France. They put forth a little work in 1507, entitled "Cosmographiae Introductio," in which it was suggested that the Southern Continent should be called America, after a man, as Europe and Asia had been named after women. In course of time the name came to be applied to both continents. It would be impossible to add to the glory of Columbus, even if the Old World as well as the New should be renamed after him; it might add to the glory of Leif to rechristen North America after him; priority of discovery certainly rests with him. Columbus never visited its main land."

An article in an independent paper at Selma, Ala., edited by a colored preacher named Bryan, has created a stir in Alabama. An editorial in the last issue abused the whites for various injustices against the colored race, and concluded as follows:

"Were you (the whites) to leave this Southland, in 20 years it would be one of the grandest sections of the globe. We would show you moss back crackers how to run a country. You would never see convicts, half starved, depriving honest workingmen of an honest living. It is only a matter of time when throughout this whole state, affairs will be changed, and I hope, to your sorrow. We were never destined always to be servants but like all other races will and must have our day; you now have yours. You have predicted that at no very distant day we will have our race war, and we hope, as God intends, that we will be strong enough to wipe you out of existence and hardly leave enough of you to tell the story. It is bound to come, and just such hot headed cranks as the editors of some of our Democratic journals are just the right set to hasten it. It is fate."

The whites in Selma are taking steps to prevent the Rev. Mr. Bryan, who is now absent from the city, from ever coming back any more. The executive committee of the White Republicans' Protective Tariff League, with headquarters at Birmingham, met there and passed a resolution denouncing the editorial as incendiary and dangerous and tendering their moral, and if necessary their physical aid to stop such utterances.

It is stated upon what is considered good authority that about all the money has been spent that has been guaranteed to Governor Beaver for the prosecution of state at Johnstown. Such being the the case, it is said that in a few days the state force will be withdrawn and Johnstown will then be left to shift for itself. The people are very much alarmed about the matter, as it is evident that if the workmen are withdrawn now very serious consequences may ensue. Two more dead bodies were taken out of cellars the other day, neither of them were recognized. One was a man and the other a small child. The police officials have been scouring the country for the past few weeks notifying the people who carried off things from the debris to return them. As a consequence many valuables are returned daily and find their way to the owners. Those who do not return goods in their possession will be prosecuted.

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That Sick Horse.

The big mahogany bay stallion that belonged to Bugler John Russ, of the Governors Troop, has raised a row that promises to breed a large amount of discussion among the military and health authorities of the State, and has already, in one instance at least, given rise to severe censure and criticism of Governor Beaver.

The handsome horse had not been in Camp Sheridan more than a day when it was discovered he was afflicted with an acute case of glanders. Maj. Huidekoper ordered the horse removed, and Dr. Benj. Lee, of the State Board of Health, telegraphed that he should be shot, buried and his quarters thoroughly disinfected. Then Governor Beaver interfered and ordered the horse to be returned to the owner. Now Maj. Huidekoper denounces the action of the Chief Executive as "a criminal outrage," and gives his reasons for the belief that seems to be very strongly in him.

The case is exciting a great amount of interest, and the end of it does not seem to be yet by any means. Bugler Russ still has his big mahogany bay, which is quartered in the stock yards at Harrisburg, and the horse is still suffering from an acute case of the glanders, one of the most dangerous contagious diseases known among animals. It is also liable to affect and kill human beings when they come in contact with the poison.

The religious census of the country is regularly taken every year by the New York Independent. For 1888 it figures out a total of 20,667,000 communicants in all the churches, an increase of 877,000 Christians for the year. The Catholics lead in denominational strength with 7,835,284; leaving nearly 13,000,000 for the various forms of Protestants. The Methodists are reported highest with 4,723,881; the Baptists next with 4,078,589; then the Presbyterians 1,180,113, the Lutherans 988,000, the Episcopalians 450,642. And so on down to the Swedenborgians with 6,000. There are 142,767 churches in the country and 98,322 ministers. The Independent takes courage over its figures and thinks an increase of 11 churches and as many ministers every day, with "a daily harvest of 240 souls is not symptomatic of that decay which certain skeptics profess to discover in Christianity in this country."

Another big woolen factory in Philadelphia has gone to the wall, and its proprietor in an interview says it is because of the tariff on raw wool, which prevents American manufacturers from buying on the same footing as foreign manufacturers, thus giving the latter an advantage for his fabrics in our own market. "We don't want cheaper wool," says this manufacturer, bankrupted by the tariff, "but we want to go into foreign markets, and have the pick of the wools of the world, especially of grades we cannot produce." About the first of the month, the owners of the Pioneer Woolen Factory, in San Francisco, the largest woolen mill West of the Mississippi, offered that property for sale. The reason assigned for this step was that no money could be made in the business. The company had not paid a dividend in five years. Two weeks earlier the company operating the largest woolen mill in Connecticut was forced into bankruptcy. It had been unable to offer to its creditors more than 10 cents on the dollar. There have since been heavy failures of woolen manufacturers in this State and New York.

A dispatch from Reidsville, N. C., to the New York Sun says: "A negro of this place applied some weeks ago for a place in the mail service as route agent. A letter has just come from Postmaster General Wanamaker notifying him of his appointment. Upon looking up the address of the new appointee it was found that it had been changed to the State penitentiary, he having since his application committed a burglary and been sent up for three years."

In Westphalia recently a very curious race took place. It was between pigeons and several specimens of the common honey bee. The distance was three and a half miles. The bees were taken that far from their hive, rolled in flour to identify them, and let fly at the same moment with the pigeons. The bees won, the first one arriving home twenty-five seconds ahead of the pigeons.

Governor Fitzhugh Lee, who is so courteous to women and who rides horseback so handsomely, is to be president of the Lexington, Va., Military institute when his term is out in 1890

The cork helmet, such as is worn in tropical countries, is the lightest and most comfortable head covering for men in hot weather. But where is the man who is strong minded enough to wear it?

1876—1892.

With an eye to a world's fair in 1892, The American Economist has prepared some figures on the growth of the United States since the other fair in 1876 that will make the most sanguine Americans open their eyes.

We thought the exposition of 1876 was something worth while. But with the added wealth, population and experience that have come to us since then we can well make the exhibition of 1892 as great as The Economist predicts it will be. That paper says;

It is evident that with the effort which made the centennial exposition of 1876 a great success the proposed exposition of 1892 could easily be made in its extent, in the variety and novelty of its exhibits, in its usefulness for public education, in its stimulating influence upon industrial enterprise and for the promotion of international trade, an undertaking of unparalleled importance to the people of the United States and of unrivaled interest and attractiveness to foreign nations; an undertaking surpassing in grandeur and beneficent influences any other which the world has seen.

In the table below are the figures and per cent. of the national growth since 1876:

	1876.	1888.
Population	44,000,000	60,000,000
Est'd value of prop'y	$25,000,000,000	$55,000,000,000
Sav. bank deposits	$900,000,000	$1,400,000,000
Gold, silver and paper currency	$600,000,000	$1,700,000,000
Gold coin	$130,000,000	$705,000,000
Silver coin	$35,000,000	$386,000,000
Mfgr'ing, min'g, etc.	$4,400,000,000	$7,000,000,000
Foreign com. (imports and exp'ts)	$1,000,000,000	$1,500,000,000
Number postoffices	36,000	57,000
Miles railroad	77,000	157,000
RR. freight earnings	$360,000,000	$640,000,000
RR. pas'gr earnings	$136,000,000	$240,000,000
Average freight per ton per mile	1.40 cents	0.09 cents
W. U. tele'gh lines	73,000 miles	171,000 miles
Newspapers and periodicals	2,000	14,000
Pounds wool used	220,000,000	278,000,000
Bales cotton prod'd.	4,500,000	7,000,000
Tons pig iron prod'd.	2,000,000	7,000,000
Tons steel rails produced	750,000	2,250,000
Barrels petroleum produced	8,000,000	28,000,000
Tons sugar used	750,000	1,500,000
Tons coal mined	50,000,000	110,000,000
Patents applied for	21,000	35,000
Bushels wheat raised	289,000,000	456,000,000
Bushels corn raised	1,200,000,000	2,000,000,000
Bushels oats raised	220,000,000	700,000,000
Value farm animals	$1,650,000,000	$2,500,000,000

In 1876 the population of Philadelphia was 800,000. In 1892 the estimated population of New York city, including its suburbs, is 2,900,000. Philadelphia and Pennsylvania contributed $1,500,000 towards the exposition of 1876. Private subscription added $2,305,330 more. New York city and state contributing at the same rate in proportion to increased population, and adding the private subscriptions, would produce the sum of $7,780,000. The total home resources of Philadelphia in 1876 for the fair, exclusive of rents, were $4,205,330. The total home resources of New York in 1892, exclusive of rents, The Economist estimates will be $9,230,000.

If that is not enough to set going the most magnificent world's fair civilization has ever beheld, one would like to know the reason why.

A Word to Writers.

When you set out to write for newspapers, don't begin "Tradition tells us," or "History records." Don't do it. Or if you must start in that way, tell us what Sardanapalus and Tiglath Pileser did for about three pages; then, after you've got it all written, tear off those three pages, and you will find what is left will make an excellent beginning for your article.

Some people's brains seem lumbering and stiff in the joints, and they have to begin with "Tradition tells us," and go on that way till they get limbered out and in training for the real fight with their subject. But they ought in no case to put this brain gymnastics off on the public for the genuine stuff.

No! Plunge directly into your subject. Tackle it, say plainly and in short words what you had in your mind to say, then stop. Probably half the essayists in our magazines and quarterlies have the execrable habit of consuming a third of their space before they get a good ready to say what they wanted to say. The editor who understands his business will cut all this preliminary flourish out, mercilessly. It weakens a really good article always.

For the rest, be sure you have a clear, sharp idea in your mind of what you want to say. Then say it in the fewest, simplest words that will fully express your thought. Then go over it and strike out every sentence and every word that can be spared. Then it is ready for the printer. As to style, that will take care of itself.

However her numbers may climb into the millions, Chicago can never be a first class city till she purifies the Chicago river, which, in the shape of a Y, lies stagnant within her borders. A Tribune reporter who went recently to interview the foul body of water declares that the stench along its banks is thick enough to be used as a foundation stone, even in Chicago.

Herr Johann Most, the fiery hearted, fiery haired Anarchist leader of New York, changed the day for a great reunion of his followers from Sunday to Saturday recently. The reason was that beer could not be sold at the meeting on Sunday. The essential connection between beer and anarchy Herr Most can probably explain better than anybody else

Facts About Johnstown.

Matter which will go on record in the true history of the Johnstown disaster appears in the August North American Review. Contributions are made respectively by Governor Beaver, Clara Barton and by Maj. Powell, of the United States geological survey.

Governor Beaver tells us that, in the Johnstown district, three inches of rain will cause a freshet. May 31, six inches fell in twenty-four hours, hence the appalling calamity. By the recent floods, twenty of the sixty-seven counties in Pennsylvania suffered, and in ten of them there was loss of life. The relief fund for the sufferers will reach not less than $3,000,000. A large amount came from the different countries of Europe. In face of disaster like this, all men are brethren.

Maj. Powell says that dams must continue to be built, in spite of Conemaugh, for they are necessary. But those who project them must carefully calculate beforehand the amount of pressure from rain or snow fall the walls of a reservoir will be called on to withstand. This can be accurately done in every case. In laying out a reservoir, first a topographical survey should be made, then a hydrographical survey, to determine the average amount of rain and snow fall over the basin and the amount discharged by streams emptying into it.

Clara Barton writes of the helpful work performed by the Red Cross society. She says that one conclusion has been forced on her through much experience in affording public relief. It is that the relief supplies and money should not be intrusted for distribution to local committees. They are intelligent, honest and disposed to do their best, she thinks, yet though they were spotless as snow, local jealousy would in every case charge them with misappropriating funds. For this reason the distribution should be intrusted to strangers.

Very touching, indeed, is the answer Miss Barton mentions which was returned to hundreds of applications made by those desiring to adopt children orphaned by the flood.

"There are no orphans—the children are dead."

Is the Atlantic Coast Sinking?

A report of the state geologist of New Jersey has called attention very generally to the sea coast line of that state. It is well known to the old habitues of the Jersey seaside resorts that the water in many places seems to be becoming deeper and deeper each year, and bathing more dangerous. It is true that at a few points the land has built out, and houses formerly on the water are now many yards inland, but these instances are exceptional.

At Asbury Park, at Atlantic City, at Cape May the encroachments of the sea are becoming alarming. At Long Branch and Atlantic City the board sidewalks are forced back yearly. Since 1804 the fertile red soil of Jersey has crumbled into the sea at Cape May at the rate of nineteen feet a year. At many places along the coast, where fertile fields were within the memory of this generation, are now only salt marshes. In some places stumps of trees have been found four feet under water, and on the farm of Capt. Hildreth a corduroy road was found two feet under the surface of the salt meadow.

Professor George H. Cook, the state geologist, has examined the coast very carefully, and concluded that a change is going on steadily and that the sea is encroaching on the land. Lands which in the early settlement of the country were above tide level and were cultivated fields, are now below water. Finally, within a short geological period there has been a sinking of the New Jersey coast of from ten to twenty feet. Is it good-by, New Jersey?

The soldiers at the United States forts are hereafter to utilize their idle time breeding and rearing fish for the United States fish commission. This is a step upward from blacking officers' boots.

An eminent German statistician, Dr. Albrecht, shows that the utilizing of cheap electric motors for small and light industries will tend to take various trades once more into the homes of artisans. It will tend to decentralize labor and capital, to disintegrate the great shops and factories, and may possibly cause a return to the day of small industries.

Dr. William A. Hammond verifies, to the extent of several experiments, Brown-Sequard's claim for his elixir of life. Dr. Hammond's elixir is, however, prepared from a freshly butchered lamb. He injects the fluid under the skin of the forearm. In one case he used the preparation on the rheumatic arm of a man 60 years old. The gentleman had been unable to raise his hand to his head for nearly a year, but soon after receiving Dr. Hammond's elixir he was able to move it almost as well as he ever had done. Brown-Sequard claims that an injection once a month will keep a man 20 to 30 years younger than his real age.

Religious.

The installation of Rev. Rearick, as pastor of the Rebersburg Lutheran charge, took place last Sabbath forenoon. The services were conducted by Rev. W. E. Fischer, of this place, assisted by Rev. Deitzler, of Aaronsburg. The father of the latter, Rev. Deitzler, of Berks county, was also present. There was a large attendance of members from all the congregations of the charge to witness the sacred ceremonies.

Rev. Rearick has just completed his studies at the theological semipary, and this is his first charge.

On last Sabbath evening Rev. O'Boyle, of Bedford county, preached in the Reformed church of this place, to a full house.

Rev. Leisenring filled the Lutheran pulpit last Sunday morning, Rev. Fischer being absent.

Rev. Deitzler, the elder preached in the Lutheran church at Rebersburg, in the evening.

The Evangelical Church.

More than two years ago the Evangelical Association brethern of Spring Mills concluded to build a house in which to worship. Weak financially, though strong in faith, they began gathering together the material little by little until at last they were ready to commence the building. Having secured the services of Joseph Alters, one of our best carpenters, the work was commenced. Thomas Kennelley put up the mason work. Step by step, as their finances permitted the work went on until at last the building is almost ready for dedication. The most of the carpenter work was done by Mr. Alters, and an examination of it will convince the observor of his skill and ability as a carpenter. Messrs. Lose, of Centre Hall, assisted in the erection of the steeple. G. P. Ream also assisted. The attention of the admirers of the beautiful is invited to the frescoing on the walls and ceiling, in which the master hand of "Dutch Bill," as he is best known, is visible. The building will seat about three hundred people.

The congregation has decided to seat it with chairs. When completed it will be the best finished church in the town, and our Evangelical brethren may well be proud of their house of worship.

AN OUTSIDER.

Linden Hall.

Wm. Baumgardner bought a new Hubler threshing machine and with his new engine and machine is doing fine work. J. J. Tressler, we understand has lately purchased a thresher of the same kind.

The Evangelical Sunday school realized quite a snug sum over and above expenses by their festival.

At the public sale of real estate of Henry Meyer dec'd., on last Thursday, the following property was sold, the farm, 1 mile south of Linden Hall containing 200 acres, to the Misses Sparr, for $65 per acre, and 52 acres timberland belonging to same for $8 per acre; D. J. Meyer and E. M. Huyett bought 90 acres timberland at $10 per acre. The old Irvin property on the hill and store house with 36 acres of land was knocked down to Joe McClellan for $3605. The mill property and the other farm were not sold.

G. J. Meyer and wife, of Coburn, spent Sunday with their sons.

J. L. Tressler will teach the Rock Hill school the coming winter.

J. H. Ross took a business trip to Laurelton on Saturday last.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coons, Maysville, Ky., says: "Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment cured me after years of suffering."

Judge Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says: "I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief."

We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by druggists at 50c & $1 per box. ap21y

Corner Stone Laying.

The corner stone of the new Reformed church at Coburn will be laid on Sunday, September 8, at 10 o'clock, a. m. Several ministers from a distance will be present to officiate on the occasion. All are cordially invited to attend.

Auction ! Auction !

Dale & Co., intending to close out their stock of store goods at once, offer the stock at Auction, beginning Saturday afternoon and evening, Aug. 31, and to continue every Saturday afternoon and evening until the stock is closed out. A rare chance for bargains, and long credit given.

Personal.

—Dr. Ed. Miller, of Johnstown, paid a flying visit to friends here.

—Dr. Gast, eye and ear specialist, was in town this week.

—W. R. From, of Spring Mills, was in town this week on business.

——Robert McFarlane's hardware store in Bellefonte is headquarters for the celebrated Link Fence Wire. Having bought a car load before the recent advance in price, he is able to sell at very low rates. The link wire has stood the test of several years in our county and has proven first class in all respects. It is so easy to handle and put up and weighs a little less to the rod than any other. Write for prices.

"Robin's Farewell," Caprice for Piano, by Fisher. Passing an opinion on the old popular and well known "Robin's Return" would be like attempting to describe a very popular novel—"everybody" has read it. So it will, in a short time, be with Fisher's new piece, "Robin's Farewell." Price of same 50 cts. Ign. Fisher, Toledo, Ohio.

——If you want employment. and are "energetic" and "no liar," read the advertisement of H. W. Foster & Co., of Geneva, N. Y., headed "Wanted, Reliable, Energetic Men." They are a reliable firm.

What Mother Says.

Now, here's a hand-glass: let me try
If I can this time see
Just one of all those funny things
My mother sees in me.

She says my eyes are violets—
And what she says is true—
But I think they are just two eyes;
Don't they look so to you?

She says my lips are cherry red,
And makes b'lieve take a bite;
They never look like that to me—
But mother's always right.

She says each cheek is like a rose:
And this I surely know.
I never would believe it—but
What mother says is so.

She says my teeth are shining pearls;
Now, that's so very queer;
If some folks said it why, I'd think—
But then, 'twas mother dear.

I only see a little girl,
With hair that's rather wild,
Who has two eyes, a nose, and mouth,
Like any other child.

CAPE ARGUL.

BROTHER FRANCIS.

No sane man, I suppose, ever carried an epistolary flirtation on to an actual proposal of marriage without seeing the object, or, except what her pen has told him, without knowing something about her.—Sententious Magazine Writer.

So much for the conclusions of self conceit. Man has done that thing. I know a case in point. Don't I? I think I do, forasmueh as I myself was its dominating idiot. I, age 31; name, Francis Howland; usually known as Brother Francis—not of ecclesiastic brotherhood—heaven forbid! I got the sobriquet from a trick my sisters—there are eight of them, four older and four younger than I—a trick the girls had of always designating me with that misleading prefix. I was thus known far and wide.

Would be witty people used to send penitents to me to confess, and strangers, on being introduced, took to addressing me as "Your Reverence," and that before I was out of my teens. O, and wasn't it galling? I loved the girls, though, the whole eight, even Martha the oldest, who had married and gone to the next town to live before I entered those teens, and Catherine, whom she had taken off with her—she was next to her in age—then Harriett, the sensible one, who, after our mother's death, had taken her place as head of the house. Eliza, number three, is a frisky maiden, two years older than I. She talks everlastingly, and never says anything worth hearing, only I like the rattle of her tongue. Then the little ones Florence, Maud, Blanche and Edith. If anything could have reconciled me to my hated prefix it was hearing them use it. How they used to tousle me around, and run races over me, and make the business of existence a perpetual scramble for me. Edith was only five years old when my twenty-first birthday came and I started for the west to seek my fortune.

And now I pass over nine years. It would be idle to tell of the struggles and hardships, the disappointments and successes of those momentous times. Suffice it that, after various ups and downs, I took up government land in Colorado, a corner of which, very soon after, was fixed upon by the ruling magnates for a great railroad center, and—presto! change! I was a rich man. I declare I've been living in an Arabian night ever since.

I wrote directly home, telling of my good fortune, and I built a house and furnished it, and laid out my grounds and stocked them with a magnificence which accorded with my means. But here was my grand stumbling block. I am a quiet, reserved man. Indeed, I never, whatever society I may have been mixed up in, could identify myself with the spirit of my surroundings. I was alone, always alone. I understood Adam's predicament if anybody ever did, but however deep a sleep might fall on me, never the withdrawal of a rib diminished my either side.

Up to the day when I was 30 years old, and rich, my whole time on my hands, I had been too busy to give the matter much thought. But now this skeleton in my closet made up all my domestic society. It wasn't sociable.

Is it any wonder that I, like many another victim of uncongenial fireside companionship, was much from home? Not that I went abroad in search of persons with whom to exchange ideas. I —ther think I was a tolerably wet blanket when I dropped in among those inclined to that recreation. One day, sauntering into the railway station, I picked up a scrap of newspaper somebody had tossed by, and in my lazy, aimless superabundance of leisure began to run through it.

Eureka! Here was the message I had waited for! Thereon I read that somebody—oh, the deliciousness of that suggestion!—some man, another as yet full ribbed Adam like myself, no doubt—solicited the correspondence of the woman "whose hand the fates had knotted into his."

Upon that hint I spake, or rather I wrote. I don't think a forcing pump could have got the words off my tongue though the very woman whom of all the world I would have chosen had stood there with her ear open to receive them. But could not I, trusting the "divinity which shapes our ends," so put forth my hand with faith, with that unconquerable force of will which should summon out of the unknown that completion of my being which my soul craved? I went home, dashed my appeal on paper and hurried it off to that beneficent little journal by the earliest mail.

Could I wait for the time when an answer was possible? It was no easy task, but I managed to do it—and what? Had my earnestness multiplied its demands? Had the editor secretly set me off as an inhabitant of Utah—one in excellent standing, too? Fifty-seven letters the postmaster handed out to me in answer to my first call. I carried them home with a quaking heart. Could they all be addressed to me? Yes, every one, and in every one the writer expressed a belief that she had found her other self in me. They were variously written—pah! I can't bear to think of them. Before I'd read the instalment half through the postoffice clerk came rushing to my door with another.

There had been a second mail. My box was bursting with them. More than a hundred made up this last batch—all to the same tune! Heavens! I lifted up my voice and wept. But the end was not yet. They came pouring in day and night. In less than forty-eight hours I had enough to stuff four mattresses. What could I do other than what I did? I went out and made a bonfire of the whole. I had a glimpse of scores of photographs and various little tokens like pointed hearts and different cabalistic signs as they went off in smoke, but the fragrance was hateful to my nostrils. It was plain I was on the wrong track. And still they came.

For three weeks I stood the target for those missiles. I never answered or really read one. They all went in the Chinese mail to their ancestors, and I was at peace. Then there was a lull. No letters for a week. At the end of that time there came one, a dainty, perfumed, most artistic looking little messenger, which my inner consciousness at once announced as the foot for the glass slipper; the dreamy, mawkish simpleton that I was! I swallowed the bait, hook, line, fisherman, all. And forthwith there began a correspondence that might have melted a pathway to the North Pole. I told the lady all about myself, except the matter of my worldly condition. That, I felt, was unworthy the attention of this professedly unworldly being.

We exchanged photographs. Did not that face which I used to carry in my vest pocket to draw out and study at every odd minute realize my very ideal of the face I could look upon forever? It was very blonde, very thin, too—remarkably thin lips. The head tipped slightly back. In all these particulars it indicated a character exactly my opposite. I need more self assertion and a sharper tongue. Thus supplemented—"mark (in me) the perfect man." To prove our entire faith in each other, we decided not to see our future spouses until the bridal day, which was to be in about three months after our engagement. She being a resident of Indiana and I of Colorado, we decided upon meeting to consummate our vows in Burlington, Ia.

It was just after this interchange of pledges that I received from home the news of my father's death. Poor, dear girls! My heart was so tender just then it actually seemed to me I must fly back and take the whole six in my arms and shelter and provide for them. I had kept up an irregular correspondence with Harriett—bless her! How could she care for the little ones? We never any of us had been over fond of our father, but his death had taken away the prop of the house. I sent Harriet a thousand dollar draft, requesting her, if she needed more, to draw on me; and, somehow, not in this act perhaps, but in getting so near to the sympathies and affections of old times, I felt ten fold more the man than I had felt before since I became rich. Life itself seemed actually more a reality to me. After this episode it was not so easy to shut myself out from all material surroundings and sit down to the business of dreaming out the paradise into which this woman was to conduct me.

The next letter I had the privilege of pondering over began "Dear Frank." To me! If I had acted the donkey in private, no one had ever yet since I had left home, presumed to address me with that off hand familiarity. Aside from the fact of my landed estates, I had always held my personality in a way to compel respect. Here was one of the inevitable annoyances, however. I must learn to face, and that soon! Matters were hastening to their culmination. She had written to notify me that she would "probably arrive at the station"—the letter specified that in my town; its platform touched one of my park gates—"on the seventeenth."

Whew! What could it meam? We'd agreed on Burlington as our halt way station, and the catastrophe was not to come off under three months. "The seventeenth." It was now the tenth. I stood aghast. Struggle to ignore it as I might, a cowardly, ignoble sense of dread at the prospect of meeting, face to face, this pen and ink idol of mine, a dread I had all along been conscious was lying dormant in my soul, pressed itself to the forefront and overshadowed every other sentiment. "Dear Frank." Only one little week.

Oh, for the old honest, heartsome "Brother Francis!"

Hark; was I dreaming? It was singing in my ears. Girl's voices, multitudinous, in familiar welcoming chorus. Was this a mirage? On my lawn? An optical —'Twas they! themselves! The girls! "Brother Francis! Brother Francis!"

The stone walls of my house took to vocal speech and echoed, tearing the words into six different keys, every one straight off from a real flesh and blood larynx and tongue and pressed on by a great, loving heart that throbbed behind it. It was they!

My very pen loiters for one ecstatic moment to live over again that joyful surprise. The little girls grown into young women. Did ever flutter such bright ribbons, or rustle crisp, fresh summer muslins like to those? Such animated, glad young faces; such skipping feet! Was ever old bachelor embraced and fondled and passed about from hand to hand to be exulted over and admired as I was?

They had simply come home, and, bless the Lord, my heart and mr house were roomy enough to hold them all. Not a doubt had ever entered any one of their innocent heads as to my wanting them and needing them. The question was, how ever had I managed to live without them. My John Chinaman got up a dinner such as I never hoped could grace my table before the arrival of its mistress—(oh!) Croquet sets, lawn tennis fixings, side saddles and saddle horses—six—six very beautifully furnished chambers, parlor attractions without stint or count—everything young ladyism could crave were at their disposal before sunset.

For the next six days we held unbroken festival in honor of our reunion. Oh, but there was a lump of lead at my heart. Could I tell them? What would our sensible Harriet say. How Eliza would chatter over the romance of Brother Francis! And the little ones! Had I a right to show myself, I whom they so honored and looked up to, as the ridiculous fossil I was—spooning over a bundle of old letters, the writer of which I had never set eyes on? Would I rejoice to see one of them playing the role she'd played? No; a million times no! Those simple, fresh hearted girls. Only to imagine that it could be in the heart of woman to do it, would have brought the blush to every one of their young faces.

Only one day more. I locked myself in my chamber to re-read my Lizzie's last letter. "Signed," it said, "for the last time, Lizzie Kent." Just now, I own the touch of the thing was repugnant to me. But the event it heralded was too near for me to pause. Why, here was something I had overlooked, After that signature, on the next page, scrawled hastily, it seemed, evidently an after thought, this: "Look for me, dear Frank (I'll stop that nonsense if I live), on the train which reaches there at 4 o'clock p. m. If I am belated, I will telegraph from Kansas City."

No dispatch had come. Of course the trains were on time. Only twenty-four hours. Well, the emergency must be met, and there was no way I could think of but to take Harriet into my confidence. Harriet is not a person given to exclamation points. I hated to lower myself, as I knew I must, in her eyes, by the relation. If it was a fact that the advent of the girls had swept my mind clear of the befogged sentimentalism which had reigned there in my loneliness, it was equally a fact that this sister had not in her the capacity to believe that any man in his senses would be guilty of the follies with which I had been entertaining myself for the last twelve months.

And how good he was! She listened patiently, studying my face, meantime, with something of the look with which a pagan might have gazed down on the remains of his shattered idol. There were sorrow, pity and deep solicitude in it. But she uttered no ungracious comment. Of course she had set me down as insane, but she was mindful of the trite maxim for such cases, "humor the patient."

Entirely ready she was to advise with me on the preparations. One might have supposed, from the way she entered into the business, that this was a matter of every day occurence with me. She agreed it was not best to mention the purport of the meeting ready to the little ones or even to Eliza. They might imagine a surprise party was on the docket. One was, for that matter. All took hold.

She and I played the mysterious, and such a jocular, hilarioustime as they made of it! I didn't feel especially hilarious. Before 9 o'clock the next morning the house was decorated as for the reception of a princess. Edith said so. I groaned. Eliza planned the reception programme. I think she had a hint from Harriet.

And the hours sped by! Three o'clock! Half past! We issued forth. I, alone in the little basket phaeton, three mounted sisters moving as guards on either side. The railway gate was at the farthest corner of my park, the road to it winding, zigzag, measuring a full half mile. There! the train bell! The cars, instead of moving in, were moving out, and that was a thirty minutes' stopping place.

I glanced at Harriet. I knew it hazily. She had put back the clock. The precious girl! saving for me and them a half hour's respite. But what was that? The gate was opened. I was to pass through, enter the ladies' waiting room, find and snatch my bride (and dear knows how I should pick her out in the crowd, I am short sighted), bear her to my carriage, seat myself beside her, turn back again, pass through that gate—John, with his cue lengthened by a yard of white ribbon, standing with it in his hand ready to close it after me—my escorting cavalcade was to take up again its line of march, the direction being home again.

I said we had reached the gate. John had opened it. I, in pursuance of this portion of my programme, was about urging my horse through when a smart buggy, containing two persons, dashed into the space and stopped. It was Frank Howard, the showiest beau in town, and a lady, a stranger.

"Ah, Mr. Howland! Mr. Howland!" he started off effusively, taking off his hat and bowing low, low enough to do reverence to all my sisters ten times over. "Congratulate me, Mr. Howland!"

His face was shiny enough to light a match by. "Let me introduce you to Mrs. Howard," taking the lady by the hand and doing the bow over again. "My wife, Mr. Howland! My wife, young ladies! Half an hour ago Miss Lizzie Kent. Now! now!"—he swelled up again—"Mrs. Frank Howard!"

"Hurrah!" I fairly shouted.

"God be praised!" I heard ejaculated from the lips of our good Harriet.

My whole being echoed the thanksgiving. It seems she had been holding the manacles ready for me or both of us. It was a paper that Howard had thrown away that I had picked up. He had then got through the mountainous experience that marked my initiatory work. My Lizzie had been corresponding with him for three weeks, and she took me up and kept me along, because, you know, if anything should happen to despoil her of the first, it would be well to have a second in the house to fill the gap. That "Dear Frank" letter was intended for him. In the hurry of getting it off she mixed up our names. Harriet found that out somehow.

I'm a free man and there aren't in all the forty-two states six prettier, nicer girls than are my sisters, and there isn't a prouder, happier old bachelor than is their brother Francis.—A. T. Perry, in *Home Journal*.

One Thousand Years Hence.

What will the man of the Twenty-ninth century—that is to say, just 1,000 years hence—be like? In what he will differ from ourselves? Will he be stronger or weaker, taller or shorter, more intellectual or less clever? Will his life be long or less? Will he develop new powers and facilities, or will he, on the other hand, lose the use of and consequently by slow degrees cease to possess certain organs and senses?

To sum the whole matter up in a very few words, the future man (and woman) will be very much indeed like the present man (or woman). Probably slightly taller and more robust, certainly more healthy and consequently longer lived, having all the same organs and senses, only slightly if at all all modified—much more learned and versed in arts and sciences, but to all intents and purposes so much like ourselves that if one of the Pharoahs, an Englishman of the Nineteenth century and our man of the future could meet, neither would excite surprise in or call for remark from the other.

—Alabama reports an "immense" corn crop in sight.

THE HOME PHYSICIAN.

Standing Straight.

If man was made in the image of God it should be his proud resolve to retain as much as possible his likeness to that original. The wide departures from that standard which we see everywhere about us, are either our own fault or else our ancestral inheritence. Every one who does not inherit hip disease, curvature of the spine, rickets or some other disease or deformity, has either a father or mother to blame or other guardian, or himself or herself. Seven-eighths of the physical crookedness is the result of laziness, temperament, or ignorance, or perhaps all three combined. The other eighth, we exclude inherited crookedness, is that kind seen among students or literary people, who are so absorbed in their work, sitting so much, become tired, and drop thoughtlessly into lounging, easy attitudes which become habitual, producing the stooping figure and rounded shoulders so often seen in the sedentary. Now the least to blame of all these classes are the ignorant people; who give no thought to the fact that originally they were made in the image of their Maker, and who, if they did, would not know enough to value it. As to the lazy, it does not matter much whether they are crooked or straight—they are not of much importance in the general scheme of the Creation—they are not producers, but generally feeders.

I have great respect for the crooked back of the hard-working old farmer or laborer in any sphere of manuel employment, man or woman; but none whatever for the crooked back of the lazy man, be he millionaire or pauper. I pity beyond measure all kinds of inherited deformity, but I have no patience with man or woman, intelligent and well informed, starting out in life with well proportioned bodies—some grandly proportioned—and recalling at once that declaration, "made in the image of his Maker," who will allow that likeness to become obliterated and defaced by careless habits. A man or woman nobly endowed, physically or intellectually, should be the man or woman above all others who should hold on to that privilege which is given to man alone—to walk erect.

In conclusion, crookedness of form and its accompaning gait, argue natural deformity, laziness, hebetude, ignorance, or blamable preoccupation, producing the habit. For inheritance and ignorance there is ample excuse, for the other reasons, none.

Historical Anecdotes of the Table.

At the end of the 5th century before our era, one of the most brilliant disciples of Socrates, Xenophon, led the successful retreat of the tenthousand of which he was afterward the historian.

He traversed Asia from the border of the Tigris to the shores of the Black sea and has left us much valuable information regarding the country. He informs us that the Assyriens ate the flesh of the wild ass, and that they esteemed the bustard. Bustards can be taken when quickly persued for they fly low like the partridge and are quickly fatigued; their flesh is very pleasant to the taste. Xenophon is very enthusiastic in regard to dates which serve as food to the population upon the banks of the tigris. Dates such as are seen in Greece are here given only to slaves: those reserved for the masters are wonderful for beauty and size and resemble amber in color. They dry them and keep them for dessert. It is a food which renders drink agreeable, but which causes headache. It is here, on the banks of the Tigris, that the soldiers ate, for the first time, of the pith of the palm tree and were astonished at its deliciousness, but this food causes intense headache. The palm tree, from which the pith is taken, soon withers. The wealth of Assyria was very great and such was its productiveness that when it was held by the Persians it provisioned the army for four months of the year while the rest of Asia furnished provisions for eight months. Thus Assyria alone producted one third of the entire production of Asia.

Babylon gave in wheat two per cent. for one and sometimes three; it was also so with honey, an article of exportation. This country also produces the oil of sesame. The citron is a native of Assyria and mellons there have always been excellent.

Melons coming from Mossul where Nineveh was formerly situated, relates Pietre della Valle, were sent down the Tigris not in ordinary boats but upon rafts of scantling, the bottom being not of wood. It consisted of goat skin air bottles which were artistically united in the form of a square in a very ingenious manner. They make them thus for in many places the river is shollow and these leathern bottles can be easily lifted over the shallows.

Ducks Killed by Lightning.

A strange sight was witnessed here a few days ago during a severe thunder storm. When the storm was at its height an enormously large flock of ducks was seen coming from the North. It was undoubtedly the largest flock ever seen in this section of the State. The sky was black with the birds and the number was variously estimated at from 500,000 to 1,000,000. They were terror stricken and flew along wildly, making a great noise. Instead of flying high they skurried along close to the ground and the flapping of their wings provoked a tumult that could be plainly heard above the roar of the thunder. Suddenly there came a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a terrific peal of thunder.—At the first flash hundreds of the birds fell crying to the ground. The storm began to grow in intensity and the ducks became more terrified each moment. There came another flash more vivid than its predecessor and thousands of the fowls fell heavily to the earth. Two more flashes in quick succession and the slaughter was greater. Swarms of the birds descended rapidly and lay in heaps on the ground. Their death was apparently instantaneous, for there was not even the flapping of a wing as they fell. The birds that escaped flew on, still keeping up their hoarse cries. After the storm was over great heaps of ducks were found on the ground. Probably 10,000 of them were killed by the lightning.

FASHION NOTES.

Our city is almost deserted. It is true, business was never more prosperous, and not one business man the less is seen on our crowded streets, not a train or cart is missing from the thousands that daily carry from one side to the other of our island the products of our industries.

But our ladies have gone to the "shore," the "Springs," the "mountains," to rest, to win from "mother nature" health and strength. It is very necessary that they take with them elegant and becoming toilettes.

The tailor costumes with which our dressmakers are so successful are worn exclusively. For travel promenades and for carriage wear they are dark in color, for other purposes they are white, light grey or in tennis flannel.

All or almost all of these costumes have the skirt round and straight. Sometimes it is made of two fabrics one light and the other dark, one of the skirts being open upon the other. The corsage is always a vest with a jacket or a cuirase buttoned in the front or closed on the shoulder and under the left arm. Some do not like the severity of the tailor costume and make in it some little modification,

Instead of the vest or cuirasse, they drape the corsage with serge or tennis flannel and put around the waist a *"faille"* or gros-grain ribbon, the sleeves being high and puffed, cut on the bias. If we explore the mysterious depths of the trunks of an elegant woman we shall be very sure to find the foulard robe or several of them. Never has foulard been in greater favor. It is true that some houses, in order to render the temptation for buying very strong, have sold foulards for 29 cents, but these have no charm for the refined; without speaking of the flimsiness of the fabric, their appearance is against them, they have no originality, the designs are common; while in the fine foulards the colors are exquisite and the designs are unique.

A dress of gray foulard of a tint as undefinable as that of an old wall had large geometrical figures woven on it.

The round skirt was trimmed with three rows of black velvet ribbon. The corsage was plaited, a yoke at the neck and the plaits held at the waist by a black velvet ribbon closed with a puff. The sleeves very full with a cuff of black velvet.

With the foulard dresses, our ladies will certainly have in their trunks a a pretty light wool costume trimmed with gothic guipure which are so effective with their thick meshes and sharp teeth. These bands of guipure trim the front of the skirt, the top and bottom of the corsage and the wrists.

We see many dresses of batiste trimmed with Valencienne or rather with black lace for it is the fashion this year to place black lace insertion on colored dresses.

One dress was of black tulle, another of white veiling trimmed with straw braid—the prettiest of the pretty.

What more?

House dresses—fanciful deshabille two of which we will describe. The Marie Antoinette is in grass green surah trimmed with a beautiful *"chicoree."* The apron in rose taffetas is covered with gauze light as a sigh and striped with satin threads. Upon the shoulders is a fichu of white silk muslin draped on the shoulders and edged with a silk fringe, a band of green velvet trims the corsage and shows under the fichu. The second model is a dress of sky-blue veiling, very straight, trimmed with bands of English point embroidery—this embroidery forms the belt and passes over the shoulder. Under the large sleeve is a small sleeve with a cuff of white veiling.

The chemisette is also in white wool. These *"deshabilles,"* so simple yet so pretty, are very much in vogue with young ladies. FELICIE LESLIE.

Of Interest to Women.

The only royalty who could really earn her livelihood if thrown on her own resources would be the charming Queen of Roumania, who writes under the nam de plume of "Carmen Sylva." In person she is not particularly attractive, having a parrot-like nose, deeply set eyes, gray hair and a disfiguring scar on her cheek. She is a wonderful linguist, clothing her ideas preferably in the purest Parisian French. She is at present engaged in translating into English and German a versified collection of natural Roumanian songs. She appears to possess a genius for languages, and an instinctive perception of the shades of meaning in different tongues. She works as systematically as a woman who is obliged to earn her bread, and her writings savor but little of dilettanteism.

The "Queen of Hearts," as the fair Margherita of Italy is called by her adorning subjects, has developed quite a talent for designing. A lamp of high and great artistic value was recently made for her from her own designs. It is of rich ruby-tinted crystal of a pure Greek shape, and the globe is covered with an intricate network of fretted gold, representing a trellis of olive leaves. The base of bronze gilt consists of two doves, the symbols of peace.

The Italian Queen has also revived the long forgotten art of making Burano lace. It was difficult to find any one who could teach the stitches, but finally an old woman was discovered who had made it in her younger days, and she was engaged to instruct a class of younger artisans. The financial results have been very gratifying, as the beautiful fabric is much sought after by tourists.

The empress of Germany has an army of seamstresses, but it is her delight to preside over and assist in the manufacture of her children's garments. She is a person of great taste, and generally picks her own and her children's hats to pieces and makes them over, after receiving them from a renowned French modiste. She is also an adept in fine embroidery in both white and colors, and is as industrious as many a woman of limited means.

The Queen Regent of Spain is also an expert embroiderer and has done some remarkably beautiful work with her needle. Many of the dresses of the infant King are the product of her hands.

It is a sign that a woman is getting old when she stops crying over trouble, and begins to think.

HORSE NOTES.

—Lucy, pacing record 2.14, has had three foals since going to California.

—A great international trotting meeting will be held at Paris-Vidcennes, France, on September 9, at which 56,000f. will be hung up in purses.

—Isaac Murphy is riding the Dwyer Bros.' horses in such winning form at Saratoga that he will probably be engaged by the Brooklyn Stable next season.

—A. A. Bonner was asked if he thought the 2.08¾ of Maud S. would be beaten. "I have not," was the reply, "so long as the life of my father is spared. After that I do not care how many horses trot below 2.08."

—The Belle Hamlin-Harry Wilkes $10,000 match race has a still more fishy odor now that it is a thing of the past. Harry Wilkes appeared to have no speed, and it is said that he has done no fast work in his training.

—The free-for-all pacing race at Cleveland recently will go on record as one of the greatest races ever paced. There were five starters and it tood six heats to decide it. Time—2.19, 2.13 2.12½, 2.15¾, 2.19, 2.20¼.

—R. E. Campbell, owner of the colt Protection, winner of the Junior Champion stakes, is a colored trainer in the employ of J. E. Baldwin. Campbell purchased the colt at the Elmendorf sale as a yearling in May, 1887, for $350.

—The fourth annual Louisiana State Fair will be held at Shreveport, La., on October 8 to 14 There will be trotting, running and pacing races for moderate purses.

—Protection was first named King Charlie, after his sire, Prince Charlie. Campbell made the change when he learned that there was already a horse by that name.

—The Marshall Mare, which produced William H., 2.18¾, and the dam of Morocco, 2.30, died recently at C. D. Ely's farm, near Clyde, N. Y. She was foaled in 1865, and was got by Daniel Webster.

—Daisy F., by Macduff, sustained the brilliant reputation which she made in the West this spring, by winning the Spinaway stakes at Monmouth from a good field.

—The Saratoga Association has suffered even greater loss in revenue. account of the late rain storms, the Monmouth Park. At the springs the public will not turn out in storm weather, while at Monmouth regulars attend, raid or shine.

—Dr. F. E. Corrigan, of the Quindaro Stud, Louisville, Ky., has purchased of R. M. McClelland, of Westport, Ky., the bay stallion Vigil, foaled 1873, by Virgil—Reagan, by Lexington. Dr. Corrigan will place him in the Quindaro Stud with Alarm.

—Hal Pointer, record 2.15¾, was sired by Tom Hal, dam by Sweepstakes. Rumor has it that he can go in 2.12. He is owned by Captain Pointer, of Tennessee, and was bred by Major Campbell Brown, the well-known stock farm king. Hal Pointer is a brother to Brown Hal.

—When Guy stopped the watch in 2.10¾ he wore only 6¼-ounce shoe forward. Millard Sanders says that in the morning Mr. W. J. Gordon told him to take off the 5-ounce toe weights which he was accustomed to wearing, and that this was the reason of his playing the song and dance act while scoring.

—The New York Jockey Club's stakes for the fall meeting over the magnificent new course at Westchester are the Fall Test handicap at a mile, and the Farewell stakes at six furlongs, both for 2-year-olds; the Good Luck Handicap for 3-year-olds, the Record and Echo stakes for all ages, and the Country Club handicap for 3-year-olds and upward.

—Senator Hearst is quoted as saying that the only good jockeys are negroes and Irishmen. The negro, he says, is naturally a horseman. Put him astride a horse, and in riding a race he doesn't know what fear is The Irishman is all heart and soul, and if he does know what fear is his enthusiasm carries him to the front before he has had time to calculate the chances.

—John D. Rockefeller has leased of the Cleveland Driving Park Company the piece of land east of the grand stand, formerly covered by the stables which were burned a few months ago, and will have built upon it a clump of sixty box-stalls and a carriage-house for his own private use. Recently Mr. Rockfeller drove Flash, 2,19, and Midnight, 2.18¼, a mile to pole in 2.21½.

—At Fleetwood Park, New York, the ch. g. Gulliver, driven by Jesse Yearance, won a $50 sweepstakes race in straight heats. Best time—2.33½. A match for $1000 between Yearance's bay gelding Hugh J. Grant, to wagon, and Howard's black mare in four hasts. Best time—2.41½. St. Louis beat Gabe Case in a match race for $200. Time—2.38, 2.39.

—Of the thirty-one trotters with records of 2.16 or better at the close of the last season, the blood of Hambletonian appears in all but eight of them—Guy, Rarus, Hopeful, Lulu, Smuggler, Clemmie G., Phyllis and White Stockings. Mambrino Chief is represented in 13, American Star 10, Abdallah in 4 outside of Hambletonian, Pilot, Jr., in 3, and George M. Patchen in 3. The Morgan family, generally through Vermont Black, Hawk, crops out in 11; the Clay family in 9; pacing strains in 10, and the thoroughbred in 10.

—A horse with all the symptoms of hydrophobia ran amuck in Chicago the other day and was finally killed beneath the shadow of the Moody tent at Milwaukee avenue. No tiger of the jingle could have created more of a sensation, and showing a more vicious desire to exterminate man and beast. Two men were bitten and eight horses torn by the teeth of the maddened animal. A thousand people joined in the hunt to destroy the brute. For two hours they chased up and down the streets and alleys—pursuing and pursued. Four policemen, with Lieutenant Pensen, joined the crowd, and the animal was shot.

HEAVY STORMS.

A CLOUD-BURST IN PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

A RAPID RISE IN THE LEHIGH RIVER.

PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 14.—A terrific cloud burst occurred here this morning. Streets were washed out, cellars flooded and the sewers choked so that the water spurted out of the manholes to the height of 10 feet.

On Hamburgh avenue the sidewalks were washed away and a woman was swept several blocks toward the river before she was rescued by three men. In some places the water in the streets was four feet deep. Passaic City had a similar experience.

EASTON, Pa., Aug. 14.—A rain storm here to-night was the most violent ever seen in this section. Within two hours the water in the Lehigh river rose eight feet. Two bridges and a dam on the Clinton branch of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and all Warren county bridges between Phillipsburg and Stewartsville, have been swept away. The banks of the Morris Canal have broken in two places. The damage to the streets in this place will amount to about $2000.

LOCK HAVEN, Pa., Aug. 14.—A destructive hail storm passed over part of this county this afternoon, accompanied by an unusual electric disturbance. One house in this city was struck by lightning, but the inmates were not seriously injured.

At Woolrich hail stones as large as hens' eggs fell, doing great damage to crops.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Aug. 14.—An extremely severe rain storm early this morning was followed by a heavy thunder storm this evening. Reports from the country tell of great damage to corn. The Lehigh river here is rising at the rate of two feet per hour, and the lowlands are inundated. A serious landslide occurred on the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad, at Treichler's station to-night. The tracks are blockaded for about 220 yards. Passenger trains are held on both sides, and it will be morning before traffic can safely be resumed. A freight train just passed over the mountain when the slide occurred. No one was injured as far as can be learned.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—Lightning struck the building used as an office by the Ordnance Board, at Ocean Beach, near Sandy Hook, this morning, totally consuming the structure and its contents. Private Thomas Thorpe, acting as watchman, was in the upper part of the building at the time and barely escaped with his life. He was obliged to flee down a burning stairway in his bare feet, but sustained no injury therefrom. Thorpe gave the alarm to the detachment, who were breakfasting at the quarters, a quarter of a mile off, all of whom responded at once, as did also Captain J. B. Ayre, who commands the detachment, and Lieutenant W. W. Gibson, but, as there is no apparatus for such emergencies, all hands were obliged to stand by and view the destruction of the building, which was but a mere shell, and dry as tinder. The building contained a number of valuable instruments used in various ways for testing ordnance, all of which, together with the detachment records, were destroyed. The value of the building and its contents is estimated at $10,000.

A RAILROAD CRASH.

TWO TRAINS COME TOGETHER AT MOORESTOWN.

NO PERSON KILLED, BUT SEVERAL INJURED.

MOORESTOWN, N. J., August 12.—A railroad accident occured here this morning, in which two engines crashed together, damaging both to a considerable extent, breaking up one of the passenger coaches, and resulting in injuries to a number of the passengers, none of which, however, were of a fatal character.

The second section of the west-bound train from the seashore, Beach Haven and Tuckerton, due at East Moorestown at 9 o'clock, was, under the schedule, obliged to go on the siding there, in order to allow the Long Branch express to pass. Engineer Enos Reed and his conductor, Elam A. Gross, had only a few minutes before been referring to the "meet" at Moorestown, and the conductor supposed, of course, he would take the siding. But instead of doing so, Engineer Reed pulled the throttle and started for West Moorestown. The engine had hardly passed the Chester avenue road crossing when Conductor Gross pulled sharply on the bell rope.

Noticing that the train did not slacken its speed, he again gave the engineer the bell, at the same time pulling on the cord that operates the air brake. By this time the engineer was doing his best to stop the train, which had just stopped when the Long Branch express came dashing around the curve that obstructs the view at that point. A collision was inevitable. Engineer Reed tried to start his train back, but seeing that he had no time, both he and his fireman, William Emmons, jumped for their lives. Both escaped unhurt.

Before they could turn around the crash came, and both engines were locked together. The forward car on the east-bound train reared in the air and then settled down on the rails, while the tank was driven half way into the forward car on the west-bound train, and the tender was knocked all out of shape. Amid the crashing of glass the affrighted passengers slowly crawled out of the cars, while a few remained in their seats, as if too much frightened to move. A report that the boilers were about to burst caused a momentary stampede, but the scare was soon allayed by the statement that both boilers were all right, and that there was no further danger from that quarter. Both engines were considerably damaged and one or two car platforms smashed. This was the extent of the damage to the rolling stock.

The passengers immediately received the attention of the citizens who had been attracted to the scene by the crash, and who came in crowds to see the wreck. There were quite a number of passenger who received slight injuries in the shape of cuts from broken glass and bruises from being thrown from their seats. These were promptly looked after by the citizens. Dr. J. C. Stroud and Dr. F. G. Stroud both went to work to dress the injuries as fast as they could, in which they were assisted by Dr. Williams, of Philadelphia, who was a passenger on the train and who escaped unhurt.

THE INJURED.

The injured ones, with a few exceptions, gave their names, which are as follows:

Richard S. Ridgeway, Assistant Prosecutor of the Pleas of Camden, head cut and side injured.

H. B. Smith, Philadelphia, head cut and ear partially severed.

Maria N. Robinson, Germantown, head and neck injured, also suffering from concussion.

Mrs. Roberts, Philadelphia, head injured and teeth knocked out. Her infant child also had its head cut.

Edward Mason, Camden, baggage master, bruised about the body.

Bertie Balm, Camden, head cut and bruised.

Jack Huston, engineer, sprained ankle.

John Huston, engineer, bruised about the shoulders.

Herbert Wiley, Camden, hip wrenched.

C. H. Cranmer, Manahawkin, cut by broken glass.

Frank Gowle, Camden, thrown through a window, slightly bruised.

The injured passengers were despatched to their destination as soon as the wreck could be cleared away, and after several hours' hard work on the part of the wrecking crew travel was resumed.

The east-bound train was in charge of Conductor John Clark, of Camden, and "Jack" Huston was the engineer. In accordance with the time-table, he was making for East Moorestown, where he should have met the other train, when the accident occurred, which Huston did all in his power to avert, and, when he saw that a collision was inevitable, bravely stuck to his post and took the chances of being crushed and scalded to death to save his passengers, all of whom were loud in his praise.

Engineer Read was very much cast down over the affair, and said: "I don't know what I could have been thinking about. The fireman was shoveling in coal, and somehow I thought I would make for West Moorestown. I realize that the fault is mine. The conductor pulled the bell-rope, and I stopped as soon as I could."

Conductor Gross's version of the affair was virtually the same. An inquiry will at once be instituted by the railroad officials.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Martin Burke, the Cronin suspect, in custody at Chicago, was on the 12th identified by Mr. and Mrs. Carlson, the owners of the cottage in which Dr. Cronin was murdered, as the man who rented it from them, giving the name of "Frank Williams." Caroline Knop, aged 15 years, was shot and instantly killed on the 11th at her home, near Canton, Ohio, by Harry Smith, aged 13, who claimed that he did not know that the revolver which he used was loaded. The Hollis brothers, who were accused of the murder of Mrs. Gillis and her two daughters, in McDowell county, West Virginia, on the 9th, were captured by a vigilance committee, hung up by the heels to the limb of a tree, and then shot to death.

—John Wainans, of North Second street, Philadelphia, a brakeman on the New Jersey Central Railroad, was struck and fatally injured on the 12th by an overhead bridge near Rosello. He was taken to Elizabeth. Miss Alma Bender, of Chicago, was struck by a train and fatally injured at Wheaton, Ill., on the 11th, while attempting to drive across the tracks in a buggy. Her companion Michael Graff, of Wheaton, was seriously injured. William Rott, of Evans Falls, was killed at Tunkhannock, Penna., on the 12th, during a drunken quarrel with Jesse Phelps by being struck on the head with a monkey wrench.

—Harry See, a farmer of St. Joseph, Illinois, was found dead on the afternoon of the 12th in his house, with two bullet wounds in his body. It is believed that he was shot in self-defence by his wife, who was cut and bruised and bore many marks of ill usage. She refused to say anything about the matter. Warrants were issued on the 12th for Amel Goch, a farmer in Kent county, Michigan, and his hired man, Charles Brailey, for stealing a quantity of wheat. On the evening of the 12th Deputy Sheriff P. J. Sinclair, and his brother, D. A. Sinclair, went to the farm to arrest the men. As they drove up to the house a shot was fired through the door from the inside, and D. A. Sinclair fell mortally wounded and afterwards died. The deputy sheriff returned the fire, killing the hired man. Goch escaped.

—The boiler in Thomas Anderson & Co.'s stove factory, at Dawson, Kentucky, exploded on the 12th. James Jackson was killed, Laton Menser and Dennis Purdy were fatally injured, and four others seriously injured.

—An epidemic of diptheria has broken out at Auburn, New York, where, within three weeks, 21 cases and 12 deaths have been reported.

—An "infernal machine," containing dynamite, was left at the office of D. L. Baxter, of the Louisville, Kentucky, *Leader*, on the 12th, but the machine failed to explode because the percussion matches did not ignite. It is supposed it was intended to blow up Mr. Baxter and the *Leader* office.

—A despatch from Fabyan's, New Hampshire, says that the summit of Mt. Washington was on the 13th covered with snow to the depth of an inch and a half, and that the guests "indulged in a lively game snow-balling."

—A despatch from Birmingham, Alabama, says that three negro men, while under the influence of a religious delusion that they would pass through the fire unharmed, walked into the cupola of an iron furnace near Bessemer, and perished. They were persuaded to do so by an old negro, Tobias Jackson, who proclaims himself "Daniel the prophet."

—Two men entered a broker's office in New York on the 13th, and while one of them levelled a pistol at the broker's head the other secured a sum of money which was lying on the counter, after which both ran off. Aid was summoned and one of the robbers was captured.

—A despatch from Reading, Pa., says that on the evening of the 12th, 15 tramps boarded a Philadelphia and Reading Railroad coal train, near Reading, cut it into three parts, and after seizing the brakeman, robbed the rear caboose and escaped.

—All of the western trains entering Kansas City, Missouri, on the 13th, were delayed as the result of the flood of the previous day. The roadbed of the Santa Fe Railrood was seriously damaged for a distance of ten miles out of Topeka. The Union Pacific tracks were also submerged, and the bridges on the Southern and Santa Fe were swept away. At Leavenworth the Missouri Pacific tracks were blocked by the wreck of a large ice house, and landslides at other points were reported. Nearly 20 miles of the track of the Burlington and Missouri, near Tecumseh, will have to be rebuilt. The losses at Pueblo, Colorado, by the recent floods are estimated at between $75,000 and $100,000. On the West Cliff branch of the Rio Grande Railroad seven bridges, in a distance of seven miles, were carried away. A severe electrical storm, accompanied by a high wind and clouds of sand, but no rain, was reported at Albuquerque, New Mexico, on the 13th. Lightning struck and killed a driver and team and stunned several persons.

—Superior Judge W. L. Pierce, of San Diego, California, was shot in the back and seriously wounded on the 13th, by W. S. Clendennin, against whom a judicial decision had recently been given by Pierce. During a quarrel in a Cincinnati police station, on the evening of the 13th, W. W. Haines was shot and fatally wounded by Turnkey Taylor Herbert. C. P. Sevmer, Superintendent of the Kansas City Coal and Coke Company Mines, was shot at from ambush and killed on the 14th at Carbon Hill, Walker county, Alabama. Some time since he employed several officers to stop moonshiners from selling "mountain dew" to the miners. It is supposed moonshiners shot him. Bunt Hanes, a well-known detective in Covington, Kentucky, was shot and fatally wounded early on the morning of the 14th by Taylor Herbert, turnkey at the jail. Hanes had been drinking and resumed an old quarrel.

—Ex-Judge David S. Terry was shot and killed in a railway dining room at Lathrop, California, on the morning of the 14th, by Deputy U. S. Marshal Nagle, who was detailed as a special guard for Justice Stephen J. Field, of the U. S. Supreme Court. Terry had struck Judge Field and was about to repeat the blow when Nagle fired, killing Terry instantly. An encounter had been feared and the United States Marshal was detailed to accompany the Justice by order of the Department of Justice. Nagle was arrested and Justice Field proceeded to San Francisco. Chief of Police Gaston, of Jackson, Tennessee, was shot and fatally wounded on the 14th by negroes in the vicinity of the jail. They were lurking in the vicinity, supposing that an attempt would be made to lynch a negro prisoner, and when discovered by Gaston were fired upon. They returned the fire with the above result.

—James Connelly and Owen McDonald were struck and killed by an engine on the 14th, at the South Omaha, Nebraska, stock yards. James McLarkey was buried by a cave-in in the Hammond Colliery, at Girardville, Penna., on the 14th. Three other men narrowly escaped the same fate. Willie Hawkes, aged 12 years, of Boston, was shot and fatally wounded on the 13th, at St. John, New Brunswick, where he was visiting, by James Bennett, also 12 years old. Bennett found a loaded revolver, and was playing with it when the other boy appeared, whereupon he pointed the weapon at Hawkes and fired.

—J. W. Ackerman, of Rathway, New Jersey, shot and probably fatally wounded his son-in-law, J. H. Thorp, on the evening of the 14th. This is said to have been Ackerman's second attempt to kill Thorp, and resulted from family differences. During a disturbance at a ball following a wedding at Covington, Kentucky, on the morning of the 15th, Harry Terlan, aged 21 years, was struck in the head by a woman with a beer glass and fatally injured. Antonio Brenio, an Italian, who was stabbed with a paper file by Joseph Denova, on the 4th inst., was found dead in an outhouse on the evening of the 14th at Patterson, N. J. The weapon was found to have penetrated the spleen. Denova has not been apprehended. Frank Willer, Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue for the Tallahassee Division, was shot and killed near Westville, Holmes county, Florida, by John Brownell, an illicit distiller. Willer had gone to the house with a Deputy Marshal to arrest Brownell, who jumped from the window and escaped.

—During a fight between Italian railroad laborers and a party of newly arrived negro laborers at Petersburg, Pennsylvania, on the evening of the 14th, one of the Italians was killed and several others were hurt. Thomas F. Thomas, of Roslyn, Wisconsin, was shot and fatally wounded on the evening of the 14th by Fred Loshman during a quarrel over a debt of $2. Loshman was on the 15th taken from the jail and lynched. J. P. Duplechein, a

Trust.

A picture memory brings to me
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods and know again
A child's sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now a man grey grown
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Grey grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read his word and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath his hand;
That pain itself for good was planned,
I trust but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be
That, as my mother dealt with me,
So with His children dealeth He.

I wait and trust theend will prove
That here and there below above
The chastening heals, the pain is love!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE EMPEROR'S PROCLAMATION.

In a gloomy though magnificent apartment, from which the light of day has been resolutely shut out, a pale, wasted woman, clad in deepest mourning, weeps and prays. It is the Empress of Austria, the once proud and envied Maria-Theresia!

Her woman's courage has failed her utterly at the thought of retaining the reins of government in her widowed hands, and she has just insisted on her son Joseph being proclaimed Emperor, that she may transfer all authority into his hands.

Joseph II. was therefore proclaimed Emperor of Austria in 1765, his mother, although retaining the title of Empress, having—at least for a time—abandoned all the cares of the Empire.

The young Emporer felt the time to be now come, for him to put in practice some of the many reforms in the condition of the people which he had longed for and dreamt of throughout his boyhood, when, as the Archduke Joseph, he had sighed in vain for the power of redressing wrongs. He determined he would lower the taxes and pay the difference himself, by renouncing his paternal inheritance of twenty-two millions.

He at once refused to attend to representations made through officers of the household, and issued a proclamation that at a certain hour every day he would receive without distinction all who desired to speak with him. He determined to see for himself the wants of the time; to reward the good, and punish the bad.

Accordingly, one fine Autumn morning, dressed as a citizen of Vienna, with a three-cornered hat upon his head, a black wig over his fair hair, and a little fur-bordered cloak upon his shoulders, he prepared to use his own eyes in the streets of his capital. As he looked at himself in the glass he could hardly keep from laughing, and said to himself that the man who would recognize him would have more that ordinary penetration.

Not many steps from the palace he met a young girl, neatly though poorly clad, carrying a bundle under her arm, and weeping bitterly.

"What troubles you, my poor girl?" he said, in a kind voice; "why do you weep?"

"Because I am unhappy," she said, with a timid glance at her questioner.

"Do not be afraid of me. Where are you going in your distress?"

"Where I never thought I should have to go—to sell what is in this parcel."

"And what is that?"

"The clothes of my mother!"

"Then you are very poor?"

"So poor that we are at our last straits for a bit of bread."

"And when you have spent this money, what will become of you?"

"Then, if God does not work a miracle in our favor, we must die of hunger. We shall go to where my father is gone before us, and we shall say to him, 'You shed your blood for your country, you died of your wounds, and now our Empress allows your wife and child to die of hunger?"

"And your father was a soldier?" said the Emperor eagerly.

"He was an officer, and served throughout the Seven Years War. He was always expecting some acknowledgement of his services, but died unnoticed, and we shall soon follow him."

"Why did you not apply to the Empress? She is always disposed to grant pensions to those who deserve them."

"Pensions, sir, are for those who have influential friends at court, and know how to play the hypocrite. We are untitled, and my mother would never consent to the meanness of pretending to sentiments we do not feel."

"Why not apply to the Emperor?"

"Yes, to get a refusal," said the poor girl; "they say he is proud and haughty, and refuses all petitions."

"He repulses every petition that comes to him through a third party; but do you know that from twelve to two every day his cabinet is opened to all, and he does justice himself to all who come to him in person?"

"So they say, but no one believes it. The guards are not likely to let anyone in the palace but the rich or titled, and no one else would try to get an interview with the Emperor."

"Is that all the confidence they have in their Emperor? Do they not believe in his good intentions, his kind heart?"

"His heart!" interrupted the young girl, "they say he has none; that he cares only for himself; that he has often been cruel to his mother. Good and kind as she is, he takes pleasure in her tears. They even say that he refuses to pay the pensions granted by his mother."

"Only those that were obtained by false representations, so as to rectify abuses which were weighing on the exchequer."

"Ah! that was his excuse. He only wants to heap up money. They say he's a miser."

"He a miser! Has he not given up his share of his father's inheritence, so as to lessen the taxes of the people?"

"It has been said, I know. But how can one believe it of a prince so avaricious and incapable of generous actions?"

Joseph could hardly remain master of himself, and for a moment his eyes flashed fire. But a sad smile shone from them, as he said: "My child, they have deceived you, and greatly wronged the Emperor; if you only knew him, you would do him justice. Go home at once, and write upon a sheet of paper the statement you have to make, and at twelve o'clock come to the palace. The guard will conduct you to me, and I will make sure that your letter reaches the Emperor. Rest assured he will do you justice."

The girl gave her benefactor a look of gratitude, but tears choked her utterance when she tried to speak.

"Your mother is ill," he said, "and in need of care; do not sell her clothes. Here are twelve gold pieces which I will advance to her. Meet me punctually at the palace at twelve o'clock."

Poor Joseph! with what sad reflections he pursued his way! He who had such good intentions for the good of his people was believed by them to be heartless, cruel, miserly and unjust!

It would take too long to follow the Emperor throughout his morning's round. He saw much, rectified many abuses, and returned to the palace a little after mid-day.

"How it would rejoice my heart," he thought, "to see that girl already waiting for me!" And as it was the hour for the public audience, he entered the palace by the great gate. The sentinel allowed him to pass unrecognized, and, thanks to his disguise, he was able to reach the ante-chamber adjoining the reception-room undiscovered by any of the servants.

The little petitioner was already there. As soon as she saw her benefactor, she rushed up to him. "Ah!" she said, "you have kept your word; I began to be afraidy ou were making game of me. You see I was right when I told you no one had any confidence in the Emperor, for at this public hearing I am the only petitioner. People know it is useless to apply to him; he never attends to those really in want. Though I am come, I have not the courage to attempt to go to him—he would be sure to send me away. I am only come to beg you to grant me one favor more; tell me your name, that we may always mention it when we pray for God's blessing, and then let me go back to my poor mother."

"That is a favor I cannot grant. I must show you that they have slandered the Emperor, and that he always attends to the petitions of the unfortunate. Give me your paper, I will take it in myself; you will find me in his Majesty's chamber, and then I will tell you my name."

So saying, Joseph gave a nod of encouragement, and disappeared by a side door. In a few minutes the ante-chamber was filled with petitioners on their way to the audience-chamber, and the young girl became alarmed at finding herself in such a crowd, till a servant appeared who came straight up to her, and told her he had orders to take her to the Emperor. She followed him through a number of apartments, each more splendid than the last, till they came to one in which a number of officers were assembled. "Wait here a minute, miss," said the young man, "while I tell his Majesty that you are here." And almost immediately the young girl found herself in the cabinet of Joseph II. A man in military uniform was looking out of the window, but turned as she entered, saying, with a kind voice: "You wish to see the Emperor; here I am."

The poor girl uttered a cry, and fell on her knees pale and weeping, as she recognized her benefactor. It was surely he, with that same sympathizing voice; and she had dared to tell him that the Emperor was cruel and unjust!

Joseph broke the silence, for he pitied her confusion. "Rise my child; I have read your petition," he said, "and am convinced that you are telling me the truth. I am glad to be able to set right an involuntary omission of the Empress, who thought your father had left no family behind him. In future your mother will receive a pension equal to his pay, which will be transferred to you on her death, And now rise from your knees; we should only kneel to God."

"I cannot rise, sir, until you have granted me a full pardon for all the sad things I have said of you in my ignorance."

"They are already forgiven and forgotten. Go home to your mother, and carry her my good wishes. But stay—you asked to know my name, that you might remember it in your prayers. I will tell you now, and you must use it every day in asking God to give me more of His heavenly wisdom for the government of my people. My name is Joseph."

It must be the spur of the moment that makes time go so fast.

The Worn Out Potato.

The philosophic poet of the Bab Ballad warns "elderly men of the bachelor crew" that if they insist upon committing matrimony late in life "their babes will be elderly, elderly, too." That is just what has happened to the poor potato. For lack of frequent healthy crossing the entire vitality of the race has been slowly dissipated; the entire stock has grown old together, and we stand now face to face with the awful possibility of a potatoless universe. But why can't we go back to the fountain-head once more, and start afresh with brand new potatoes from their native forest? Aye, there's the rub, as Hamlet justly puts it. We can't discover the fountain-head any longer. Nobody knows where the potato comes from; the native forest itself is dead. The aboriginal wild potato seems as extinct in our day the wide world over as the dodo or the deinotherium. This is often the way with important plant foods. Nobody can trace with certainty the ancestor of wheat or of Indian corn, the primitive father of the plantain or the banana. The fact is whenever a plant lays by these rich stores of material for its own use, either as seed or root, or bulb or tuber, man, greedy man is sure to divert it to his own purposes as ruthlessly as he robs the bees of their honey and the cows of the milk they have prepared for their calves in their own udders. Every important human foodstuff is essentially at bottom a seed or a tuber, eggs in the animal world answering to the one and fatted beasts answering roughly to the other. Wheat, barley, Indian corn, peas, beans, dates and cocoanuts are instances in the first direction; potatoes, turnips, yams, beet root are instances in the second. From the very first moment, then, that the ancestral potato began to lay up starches and foodstuffs for itself in its own underground tissues, we may be perfectly sure that rodents, monkeys and other animal enemies did their level best to circumvent its innocent design by digging them up and incontinently eating them. Presently man, as the red Indian, arrived upon the scene, and subjected the incipient and starchy potato to some rude cultivation. In one way he was less destructive, no doubt, than the rodents and monkeys who had gone before him, because while he rooted up and grubbed out more indefatigably than they, he kept a little back for "seed" for the future. He cut up his potato into many small pieces with an "eye" in each, the eye being, in fact, an undeveloped leaf-bub, whence branches would issue in another season. Thus he insured in some way the continuance of the plant; but alas! he only cared for his own squaws and papooses in the immediate future, and took no thought for the convenience of the intrusive white man in this then remote nineteenth century. And considering how little the white man thought of his convenience some ages later, perhaps his remissness in this respect is not to be wondered at. At any rate, what the red Indian seems to have done was just this: As in almost every other case of primitive agriculture, he brought the wild plant into cultivation and improved largely its special yield, but in so doing he destroyed its native type altogether. Whether he grubbed up all the wild ones and ate them on the spot, or whether he merely encroached upon their feeding grounds and so crowded them out, as farms and fences are crowding out the buffalo in the Far West, does not appear; but what is certain is that the wild potato itself does not now appear either. We have lost all count of the primitive stock, so that we can't go back to it to cross it with its own degenerate descendants or to develop anew from its barbaric tubers the succulent Regent or the ash-leaved Kidney.

Russia a Tobacco Producing Country.

Among the tobacco exhibits at the Paris Exposition, that from Russia is one of the most interesting. Russia is a much larger tobacco producing country than is generally supposed; and, although for a greater part of very inferior quality, there are several provinces in the south, and bordering upon the Black Sea, that raise some of very fair quality suited to the manufacture of cigarettes, and the prices are at present reasonable. The object of the display will more particularly be to open up a trade in the Western markets. Every source from which an improvement in cheaper cigarettes may be derived is worth the attention of our makers. The ordinary run of our cheaper cigarettes is far from satisfactory; and quantities of the imported Egyptian are decidedly nauseous. As with most things, a larger demand produces inferior quality, until a commodity is commercially ruined by its own success.

Perseverance.

Let no man admit to himself that he has been baffled in anything while he has health and strength for another attempt. "Up and at it again!" is the motto of true courage. The feeble have achieved what the strong pronounced impossible. Sustained by an unbending will and aided by an intelligent brain, there is scarcely anything short of the miraculous which perseverance cannot accomplish.

TRYING to satisfy our desires with wealth is like trying to stop up a rat hole with sand; the rats will soon dig out somewhere else.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, AUG. 22.

SULLIVAN FOUND GUILTY.

The Jury Quickly Convicts Him—The Slugger Looks Annoyed.

PARVIS, Miss., Aug. 17.—Arguments in the Sullivan case were made by District Attorney Neville for the state and ex-Attorney General Ford and Judges Calhoun and Green for the defense.

The district attorney urged the jury to vindicate the good name of the state by showing that the law would be upheld. The requests to charge were then read.

The jury, after being out an hour and a half, returned a verdict of guilty of prize fighting as charged in the first count of the indictment.

Sullivan looked annoyed, but otherwise showed no emotion. He left the court room with several of his friends and though apparently a little down hearted at first soon recovered his geniality. The case against Referee Fitzpatrick will be taken up today. Sentences will be pronounced later.

Justice Fuller on the Terry Tragedy.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 19.—Chief Justice Fuller passed through Pittsburg on the "limited" from Cresson Springs, Pa., where he left his two daughters, on his way to Chicago. When asked about the killing of ex-Judge Terry, he said: "I had heard that Terry had uttered threats against Justice Field, but I did not know of them personally. I was surprised when I heard that Justice Field had been arrested. I cannot see what he had to do with the murder any more than any other spectator. Judge Sawyer has issued a habeas corpus and Justice Field will no doubt be released."

Justice Field Arrested and Released.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—The sheriff of San Joaquin county arrived here and served a warrant of arrest upon Judge Field at the latter's chambers, in the appraiser's building. There was some doubt as to whether the warrant would be indorsed by a judge of San Francisco county, as required by law, but the indorsement was obtained. Immediately after the warrant was served a writ of habeas corpus was sworn out before Judge Sawyer, of the circuit court, and heard by him in chambers. Justice Sawyer granted the writ and released Justice Field on $5,000 bail.

Judge Terry's Funeral.

STOCKTON, Cal., Aug. 17.—The funeral of David S. Terry was held here. The body was removed from the morgue at noon and taken to the Episcopal church, where it lay in state for two hours and was viewed by a great number of people. Mrs. Terry occupied a pew near the casket and watched the face of the dead man all the while. Several times she left her seat and threw herself upon the casket. The service was read by one of the vestrymen of the church. The body was interred in the cemetery in Stockton.

Mrs. Maybrick's Case.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—Mr. Matthews, home secretary, who is still engaged in going over the Maybrick case expects to receive today some valuable medical reports bearing on the case and after he has thoroughly examined these he will be ready to decide whether or not he will recommend to the queen the exercise of her prerogative to pardon Mrs. Maybrick or to commute the sentence. The members of the house of commons who have signed the Maybrick memorial now number 91.

The President's Western Trip.

DEER PARK, Md., Aug. 20.—President Harrison will leave here to-night and arrive in Cincinnati at 7 o'clock, where he will be given a reception on that day at 11:30 p. m. at the new chamber of commerce building and will pay a short visit to the Builders' Exchange. He will leave Cincinnati on a special train about 4 p. m. on the "Big Four" for Indianapolis. Accompanying the president will be Secretary Rusk, Marshal Ramsdell and Private Secretaay Halford.

Prohibitionists in a Beer Garden.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 19. — The most noted beer garden in this state is Beyerli's park, and it is the only place accessible from this city where beer is openly sold on Sundays. In this park the Prohibitionists had a basket picnic and county convention. The use of the grounds was tendered to them as a joke, but it was accepted, and no beer was sold during the proceedings. The convention, after nominating a ticket, closed with a vote of thanks to the park managers and the singing of the doxology.

Lord Salisbury Avoids Defeat.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—In answer to inquiries from several members as to whether the government intended to introduce a new tithes bill, Mr. H. H. Smith stated that in view of the determined and protracted opposition which the first bill had encountered, the ministers did not see their way clear to the introduction of another measure to deal with the question.

Fire Frightens Forty Girls.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Fire last night in the building of 394 and 396 First avenue caused a panic among the forty young women employed in a laundry on the second floor, but all were gotten out safely. The fire was extinguished before doing much damage to the building.

Kilrain Goes to His Doom.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 20.—Deputy Sheriff Childs, of Marion county, Mississippi, stated that Jake Kilrain had agreed to go to Mississippi without seeking further intervention by the courts of Maryland and that they would leave quietly for Purvis today.

Edison Made an Italian Count.

PARIS, Aug. 20.—Thomas A. Edison, the American electrician, was presented by a special envoy from King Humbert, of Italy, with the insignia of a grand officer of the crown of Italy. This gives Mr. Edison the rank of a count in Italy.

Sullivan Painting New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—John L. Sullivan arrived in this city about 8 o'clock last evening. He was at once taken in charge by Wakely, Johnston and others of his cronies and proceeded to have a good time.

JUDGE TERRY SLAIN.

Sara Althea Hill's Husband Dies with His Boots On.

FOR INSULTING JUSTICE FIELD.

Latest Particulars of the Tragedy—How Deputy United States Marshal Nagle Got the Drop on the Fire Eater—Nagle in Custody—Justice Field's Version of the Affair—The National Government Guarantees Him Protection — Judge Terry's Adventurous Career.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 15.—When the southern overland train arrived at the station in Oakland a great crowd had collected, telegraphic intelligence of the Lathrop tragedy having preceded the arrival of the train and the sleeping car in which Justice Field was sitting was at once besieged by United States officials and newspaper men.

Justice Field maintained his quiet demeanor and narrated to a press representative the following particulars of the shooting:

Justice Field's Story.

"I can tell you the story in a few words. For the last few months a number of reports, both public and personal, have reached me that Judge Terry had threatened to subject me to some indignity if he should meet me. This fact caused the United States marshal to decide to provide such protection as he could during my stay in this state. When I started for Los Angeles to hold court Deputy Nagle accompanied me. He seemed to be a quiet, gentlemanly official, though I only met him twice while away from Los Angeles. He asked me in that city when I intended to return and accompanied me, taking a seat in the sleeping car opposite me. We heard that Judge Terry and his wife were on the train, but paid no attention to the fact.

The Encounter at Lathrop.

When we arrived at Lathrop we entered the eating station to get breakfast. I took a seat at the end of the table. Nagle sat one side of me. Terry and his wife came in the room soon after. Mrs. Terry entered and went out of the room, as I afterward learned, returning to the car for her satchel. Judge Terry rose and I supposed he intended accompanying her. Instead of doing so he walked back of me, and struck me a heavy slap in the face.

"I was completely astounded and seeing he was making ready to strike again, Nagle cried out 'Stop! Stop!' but Terry did not desist and as he was raising his aim a second time Nagle shot at him, the bullet entered his heart. He fell to the floor, Nagle shooting a second time, but the second shot not striking him. Nagle was arrested at Tracy and taken to Stockton to await the result of the inquest. That is the complete story so far as I am aware."

Government Protection to Justice Field.

Protection was accorded to Justice Field, it is claimed, by authority of United States Attorney General Miller, who telegraphed from Washington to the marshal of the district to see that the person of the justice was protected at any hazard. The order extended also Judge Sawyer, of the United States circuit court in this city, upon whom Mrs. Terry made a personal assault last year while on a railway train accompanied by Judge Terry.

The order was based upon this fact and upon threats declared to have been made openly by Terry against Justice Field. Deputy Marshal Nagle was directed to accompany Justice Field under this order, and is said to have given Judge Terry full warning to stop when the latter began his attack upon Justice Field, and fired at Terry as the latter was about to strike the second time.

Justice Field left the overland train at the Oakland ferry and drove at once to the Palace hotel, where he was joined by his wife. He was not arrested, and the notice to the chief of police claimed to have been sent by the district attorney of San Joaquin, if forwarded, was not acted upon.

Terry's Eventful Career.

David L. Terry was born in Todd county, Kentucky, in 1823. He served in the Texan army under Sam Houston. He came to California in 1849 and settled in Calveras county. In 1855 he was elected justice of the supreme court of California on the native American ticket, and upon the death of Chief Justice Murray in 1857 Judge Terry became chief justice. He was opposed to the vigilance committee of 1856, and stabbed one of the members of the committee who had attempted to arrest a friend of Terry's. Terry was held by the vigilantes but afterwards was released.

He killed Senator Broderick in a duel in 1859 as a result of political differences.

In 1880 Terry was defeated as a Hancock elector, although his associates on the ticket were elected.

Cause of the Tragedy.

Last September he and his wife were the chief actors in a most remarkable case in Justice Fields' court. When a decision was read by Justice Field which was against Judge Terry's wife the latter arose in court and declared the judge was bribed. A United States marshal attempted to arrest the woman, and was knocked down by Judge Terry, who openly defied the court. For this Sam was sentenced to sixty days in prison, while Judge Terry was given six months.

Judge Terry was the counsel of Sara Althea Hill, who claimed to be the wife of Senator Sharon, and after the senator's death and when the adventurous Sara was deep in most sensational litigation, he startled the people of California by marrying her.

Nagle and His Victim.

STOCKTON, Cal., Aug. 15.—The coroner arrived here with ex-Judge Terry's body in a box covered with white cloth, Mrs. Terry rode in the express car with the remains, accompanied by several friends of the deceased. When the body was taken off the car she followed and rode with it in an express wagon to the morgue. She was distressed and declared that it was a most cowardly murder of an unarmed man. An inquest will be held.

Deputy Marshal Nagle was brought here in a buggy by Constable Walker, of Lathrop. When the overland train left Lathrop after the shooting Constable Walker got in the car and arrested Nagle. He rode with him to Tracy and there took a buggy to Stockton to avoid the crowd. When Nagle reached the jail he alighted from the buggy and came in with his coat covering his handcuffed hands.

A FATAL TENEMENT.

Nine Persons Perish in a New York Fire.

THRILLING SCENES OF PERIL.

The Flames Move with Such Rapidity That Escape by the Stairs Is Immediately Cut Off—The Survivors Climb Over Red Hot Fire Escapes to Adjoining Buildings.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Another terrible tenement house conflagration excited the west side of the city and resulted in the death of nine persons.

The outbreak occurred at an hour when all the tenants—numbering over sixty—were in their beds. The scene of the fire was the five story building at No. 305 Seventh avenue, the ground floor of which was occupied as a restaurant. It was in the kitchen of this establishment that the blaze started, and the flames swept through the five stories to the roof with lightning rapidity, shutting off escape by the stairway.

Those who escaped did so by climbing into the adjoining buildings by means of the fire escape.

The Dead and Injured.

The list of the dead is as follows:

William Glennon, 60 years old, burned to death.
Nellie McGoeghegan, 30 years old, smothered.
Mary Wells, 31 years, smothered.
Jane Wells, 4 years, smothered.
Thomas Wells, 2 years, smothered.
Bertha Lustig, 40 years, burned to death.
William McKee, 47 years, burned to death.
Jane Jeffrey, 65 years, smothered.
Annie Lyons, 45 years, stout build, medium height, fair complexion, smothered.

Following are the injured:

William Glennon, Jr., 18 years, burned on hands and feet in making his escape.
John Glennon, badly burned.

The Cook Disappears.

Precisely how the outbreak occurred the police could not ascertain. The cook in the restaurant disappeared. Without a doubt it was in making a fire in the range. The awful swiftness of the blaze suggested the use of kerosene.

At 4:55 a. m. two policemen saw a blaze at the windows of the restaurant. The officers lost no time, and the avenue was soon filled with their cries and raps of alarm. They at once kicked in the door of the burning tenement, only to be driven back by the rush of fire and smoke. The policemen hammered on the doors of the house next door and burst it open. There were fire escapes, iron ladders running from house to house. By these, if at all, the people within the doomed house must be reached and warned.

A Fearful Panic.

Before running up the policeman cast a searching glance up the burning tenement. Not a head was in sight, not a human building, though the flames blazed twenty feet in the air over the roof. Outwardly it was as quiet as the adjoining tenements.

The firemen had come. Within fourteen minutes after the first alarm the reserves of the district had responded to a general alarm call with a dozen engines and half the ambulances of the city hospitals were speeding toward the scene.

The policemen dashed upstairs, broke into the rooms of the tenants, and, running along the fire escapes in front and rear, smashed the windows of the burning building with their clubs, calling at the top of their voices to the people to run for their lives.

No Escape at the Stairs.

Not a single person escaped down the stairs. Those who tried to do so fell on the threshold of their own doors dead, and were found there.

The family of James Kloter, on the floor above the restaurant, were among those first aroused to their danger. Husband, wife and four children slept in the front room. The parents gathered up the little ones, two each in their arms, and ran to the front. The flames were bursting from the front of the store and licking the iron of the fire escape. They rushed to the rear, but it was even worse there. To venture out on the iron bridge was to rush into the jaws of death.

In desperation the six braved the dangers of the front and climbed from the southern corner of the fire escape over the next building. The awning under their perilous bridge was burning then, and two minutes later escape that way was altogether cut off.

Frank Wilson, another tenant, escaped in the same way.

A Roaring Furnace.

The stairs and landings from the street to the roof were one roaring furnace. The roof itself was ablaze and descent by the iron ladders was impossible. The fire burst from the ground floor windows, fanned by the draught it made as it burned, reaching alternately half across the sidewalk and far into the back yard.

Such a sudden, tremendous flood of water was thrown next through the opening over the stairs into the burning tenement that the fire was extinguished in a few minutes. Twenty minutes later men were groping their way through the building in search of bodies, while outside a crowd of half clad, half crazed and hysterical women were wringing their hands and crying but for missing relatives. The searching party was made up of firemen, policemen and ambulance surgeons.

Finding the Victims.

Old William Glennon lay on the floor in his room, burned and dead. He had arisen from his bed to fly, but too late. His two sons, John and William, who had risked the path, had been taken to the hospital with hands and feet badly burned from the red hot iron bars of the fire escape. They had not fled a moment too soon.

In a room on the second floor knelt a mother, Mrs. Mary Wells, with her arms about her little boy, and his sister —Thomas, barely 2 years old, and Jane, 4. The children were huddled in her embrace, as if seeking safety. All were dead, mercifully smothered. There was not a burn or a blister upon their bodies.

On the same floor Mrs. Bertha Lustig and William McKee were found burned to death. On the fourth floor, Jane Jeffreys, an old woman, was found smothered.

The cook has been found and arrested. He says the fire resulted from an over heated range.

Snyder, after examination before the coroner, was committed to the Tombs without bail until the inquest. Brooks was held as a witness. The officers say they have a good case against Snyder.

OH! MY HEAD.

The pain from Neuralgia and its companion disease Rheumatism is excruciating. Thousands who could be quickly cured are needlessly suffering. Ath-lo-pho-ros will do for others what it did for the following parties:

Williamsport, Ind., Oct. 3, 1887.
Having been afflicted with neuralgia for the past four years, and trying almost everything, but in vain, I finally heard of Athlophoros. After taking one bottle I found it to be helping me, and after taking four bottles of Athlophoros and one of Pills, I found that I was entirely well. I think the medicine is positively a sure cure.
CHAUNCEY B. REDDICK.

Mt. Carmel, Ill., Dec. 26, 1887.
I have used Athlophoros in my family and find it to be the greatest medicine for neuralgia in existence, and having had its fangs fastened upon me for the past 30 years I know whereof I speak. MRS. JULIA CHILTON.

☞ Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden."

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TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had hard work getting my husband to give up his old blacking brush, and the annoyance of having the paste blacking rub off on his pants, and adopt

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A magnificent Deep Black Polish, which lasts on Men's boots a week, and on Women's a month.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD —(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 12, 1889

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		11 25 p m
"	Harrisburg		3 30 a m
"	Montandon		5 36 a m
"	Williamsport		7 10 a m
"	Jersey Shore		7 25 a m
"	Lock Haven		7 58 a m
"	Renovo		8 55 a m
arr at	Erie		4 05 p m

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 10 p m

Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		8 50 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	12 15a m
"	"	Montandon	2 03 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	3 05 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	4 15 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 15 p m
"	"	Kane	9 10 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia		11 50 p m
"	Harrisburg		3 45 p m
"	Montandon		5 54 p m
"	Williamsport		7 10 p m
"	Lock Haven		7 57 p m
"	arr at Renovo		8 50 p m

(Sunday Train.

WMSPORT EXP leaves	Philadelphia		5 34 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	9 00 a m
"	"	Montandon	11 03 a m
"	arrives at	Williamsport	11 59 a m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock, Haven		7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 15 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 17 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane		6 25 a m
"	Renovo		10 20 a m
"	Lock Haven		11 15 a m
"	Williamsport		12 20 p m
"	Montandon		1 40 p m
"	arr at Harrisburg		5 13 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO ACN leaves	Renovo		4 25 p m
"	Lock Haven		5 35 p m
"	Williamsport		6 35 p m
"	Montandon		7 37 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		9 45 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie		3 00 p m
"	Renovo		10 30 p m
"	Lock Haven		11 15 p m
"	Williamsport		12 20 a m
"	Montandon		1 20 a m
"	arr at Harrisburg		3 13 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 a m

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN EXP leaves	Williamsport		1 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 30 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	10 20 a m

Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East. Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

☞ Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
2 05	10 15	15 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 05	5 35
2 29		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 43		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05	Laureiton	8 13		4 43
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 55		7 52	Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 58	Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 13		8 10	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
4 21		8 18	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 25	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 35		8 33	Gregg	6 43		3 13
4 43		8 42	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 48		8 48	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 52	Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 59	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 09	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 14	Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 20	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45p m and 7.25 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.29 p m, 1.23 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 40 p m.

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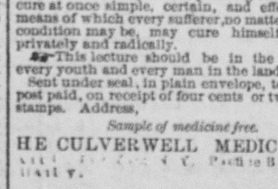

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We will out-do ourselves in our effort to please you, both in price, quality and style. You can always find the latest styles, NOT OLD AUCTION TRASH, but

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DR TALMAGE'S SERMON:

Outwitted by the World.

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." Luke 17:8.

THAT is another way of saying that Christians are not so skillful in the manipulation of spiritual affairs as worldlings are skillful in the management of temporalities. I see all around me people who are alert, earnest, concentrated, and skillful in monetary matters, who in the affairs of the soul are laggards, inane, inert.

The great want of this world is more common sense in matters of religion. If one-half of the skill and forcefulness employed in financial affairs were employed in disseminating the truths of Christ, and trying to make the world better, within ten year the last juggernaut would fall, the lasts throne of opposition upset, the last iniquity tumble, and the anthem that was chanted over Bethlehem on Christmas night would be echoed and re-echoed from all nations and kindred and people: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Some years ago, on a train going toward the southwest, as the porter of the sleeping-car was making up the berths at the even-tide

I SAW A MAN KNEEL DOWN

to pray. Worldly people in the car looked on, as much as to say, "What does this mean?" I suppose the most of the people in the car thought that man was either insane or that he was a fanatic; but he disturbed no one when he knelt, and he disturbed no one when he arose. In after conversation with him I found out that he was a member of a church in my own city, that he was a seafaring man, and that he was on his way to New Orleans to take command of a vessel. I thought then, as I think now, that ten such men—men with such courage for God as that man had—would bring the whole city to Christ; a thousand such men would bring this whole land to God; ten thousand such men in a short time would bring the whole earth into the kingdom of Jesus. That he was successful in worldly affairs I found out. That he was skillful in spiritual affairs you are well persuaded. If men had the courage, the pluck, the alertness, the acumen, the industry, the common sense, in matters of the soul that they have in earthly matters, this would be a very different kind of world to live in.

I. In the first place

WE WANT MORE COMMON SENSE

in the building and conduct of churches. The idea of adaptiveness is always paramount in any other kind of structure. If bankers meet together and they resolve upon putting up a bank, the bank is especially adapted to banking purposes; if a manufacturing company puts up a building, it is to be adapted to manufacturing purposes; but adaptiveness is not always the question in the rearing of churches. In many of our churches we want more light, more room, more ventilation, more comfort. Vast sums of money are expended for ecclesiastical structures, and men sit down in them, and you ask a man how he likes the church; he says: "I like it very well, but I can't hear;" as though a shawl factory was good for everything but making shawls. The voice of the preacher dashes against the pillars. Men sit down under the shadow of the Gothic arches and shiver, and feel they must be getting religion, or something else, they feel so uncomfortable.

Oh my friends, we want more common sense in the rearing of churches. There is no excuse for lack of light when the heavens are full of it, no excuse for the lack of fresh air when the world swims in it. It ought to be an expression not only of our spiritual happiness, but of our physical comfort, when we say: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts! A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

II. Again I remark: We want more common sense

IN OBTAINING RELIGIOUS HOPE.

All men understand that in order to succeed in worldly directions they must concentrate. They think on that one subject until their mind takes fire with velocity of their own thoughts. All their acumen, all their strategy, all their wisdom, all their common sense, they put in that one direction, and they succeed. But how seldom it is true in the matter of seeking God! While no man expects to accomplish anything for this world without concentration and enthusiasm, how many there are expecting after awhile to get to the kingdom of God without the use of any such means!

A miller in California, many years ago, held up a sparkle of gold until it bewitched nations. Tens of thousands of people left their homes. They took their blankets and their pickaxes and their pistols, and went to the wilds of California. Cities sprang up suddenly on the Pacific coast. Merchants put aside their elegant apparel and put on the miner's garb. All the land was full of th

TALK ABOUT GOLD.

Gold in the eyes, gold in the ears, gold in the wake of ships, gold in the streets—gold, gold, gold! Word comes to us that the mountain of God's love is full of bright treasure; that men have been digging there, and have brought up gold and amethyst and carbuncle and jaspar and sardonyx and chrysoprasus, and all the precious stones out of which the walls of heaven were builded. Word comes of a man who, digging in that mine for one hour, has brought up treasures worth more than all the stars that keep vigil over our sick and dying world. Is it a bogus company that is formed? Is it undeveloped territory? Oh no! the story is true. There are thousands of people in this audience who would be willing to rise and testify that they have discovered that gold, and have it in their possession. Notwithstanding all this, what is the circumstance? One would suppose that the announcement would send people in great excitement up and down our streets, that at midnight men would knock at your door, asking,

HOW THEY MAY GET THOSE TREASURES.

Instead of that, many of us put our hands behind our back and walk up and down in front of the mine of eternal riches, and say: "Well, if I am to be saved, I will be saved; and if I am to be dammed I will be dammed, and there is nothing to do about it." Why, my brother, do you not do that in business matters? Why do you not to-morrow go to your store and sit down and fold your arms and say: "If these goods are to be sold, they will be sold; and if they are not to be sold, they will not be sold; there is nothing for me to do about it." No, you despatch your agents, you print your advertisements, you adorn your show windows, you push those goods, you use the instrumentality. Oh that men were as wise in the matter of the soul as they are wise in the matter of dollars and cents!

This doctrine of God's sovereignty, how it is misquoted and spoken of as though it were an iron chain which bound us hand and foot for time and eternity, when, so far from that, in every fibre of your body, in every faculty of your mind, in every passion of your soul, you are a free man and it is no more a matter of free choice whether you will to-morrow go abroad or stay at home, than it is at this moment a matter of free choice whether you will accept Christ or reject him! In all the army of banners there is not one conscript. Men are not to be dragooned into heaven. Among all the tens of thousands of the Lord's soldiers there is not one man but will tell you: "I chose Christ; I wanted Him; I desired to be in His service; I am not a conscript—I am a volunteer." Oh that men had the same common sense in the matters of religion that they have in the matters of the world—the same concentration, the same push, the same enthusiasm! In the one case a secular enthusiasm; in the other a consecrated enthusiasm.

III. Again I remark: We want more common sense in the building up and

ENLARGING OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

There are men here who have for forty years been running the Christian race, and they have not run a quarter of a mile! No business man would be willing to have his investment unaccumulative. If you invest a dollar, you expect that dollar to come home bringing another dollar on its back. What would you think of a man who should invest ten thousand dollars in a monetary institution, then go off for five years, make no inquiry in regard to the investment, then come back, step up to the cashier of the institution, and say: "Have you kept those ten thousand dollars safely that I lodged with you?" but asking no questions about interest or about divident. "Why," you say, "that is not common sense!" Neither is it, but that is the way we act in matters of the soul. We make a far more important investment than ten thousand dollars. We invest our soul. Is it accumulative? Are we growing in grace? Are we getting better? Are we getting worse? God declares many dividends, but we do not collect them, we do not ask about them, we do not want them. Oh that in this matter of accumulation we were as wise in the matters of the soul as we are in the matters of the world!

IV. How little common sense

IN READING THE SCRIPTURES!

We get any other book, and we open it, and we say: 'Now, what does this book mean to teach me? It is a book on astronomy; it will teach me astronomy. It is a book on political economy; it will teach me political economy." Taking up the Bible, do we ask ourselves what it means to teach? It means to do just one thing; get the world converted and get us all to heaven. That is what it proposes to do. But instead of that, we go to the Bible as botanists to pick flowers, or we go as pugilists to get something to fight other Christians with, or we go as logicians trying to sharpen our mental faculties for a better argument; and we do not like this about the Bible, and we do not like that, and we do not like the other thing. What would you think of

A MAN LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS?

Night has come down; he cannot find his way home, and he sees a light in a mountain cabin, he goes to it, he knocks at the door, the mountaineer comes out and finds the traveler, and says: "Well, here I have a lantern; you can take it, and it will guide you on the way home;" and suppose that man should say: "I don't like that lantern, I don't like the handle of it; there are ten or fifteen things about it I don't like; if you can't give me a better lantern than that I won't have any."

Now, God says this Bible is to be a lamp to our feet and a lantern to our path, to guide us through the midnight of this world to the gates of the celestial city. We take hold of it in sharp criticism, and deprecate this and deprecate that. Oh, how much wiser we would be if by its holy light we found our way to our everlasting home!

Then we do not read the Bible as we read other books. We read it perhaps four or five minutes just before we retire at night. We are weary and sleepy—so somnolent we hardly know which end of the book is up. We drop our eye, perhaps, on the story of Sampson and the foxes, or upon some genealogical tale, important in its place, but stirring no more religious emotion than the announcement that somebody begat somebody else and he begat somebody else; instead of opening the book and saying, "Now I must read for my immortal soul! My eternal destiny is involved in this book!"

V. Again I remark how little we use

COMMON SENSE IN PRAYER!

We say, "Oh Lord, give me this," and "Oh Lord, give me that," and "Oh Lord, give me something else," and we do not expect to get it, or getting it, we do not know we have it. We have no anxiety about it. We do not watch and wait for its coming.

As a merchant, you telegraph or you write to some other city for a bill of goods. You say: "Send me by such express, or by such a steamer, or by such a rail train." The day arrives. You send your wagon to the depot or to the wharf. The goods do not come. You immediately telegraph, "What is the matter with those goods? We haven't received them. Send them right away. We want them now or we don't want them at all." And you keep writing, and you keep telegraphing, and you keep sending your wagon to the depot, or to the express office, or to the wharf, until you get the goods.

In matters of religion we are not so wise as that. We ask certain things to be sent from heaven. We do not know whether they come or not. We have not any special anxiety as to whether they come or not. We may get them, and may not get them. Instead of at 7 o'clock in the morning saying, "Have I got that blessing?" at 12 o'clock noonday asking, "Have I got that blessing?" at 7 o'clock in the evening, saying: "Have I received that blessing?" and not getting it, pleading, pleading—begging, begging—asking, asking, until you get. Now, my brethern, is not that common sense? If we ask a thing from God, who has sworn by His eternal throne that He will do that which we ask, is it not common sense that we should watch and wait until we get it?

VI. But I remark: We want more common sense

IN DOING GOOD.

How many people there are who want to do good and yet are dead failures! Why is it? They do not exercise the same tact, the same ingenuity, the same stratagem, the same common sense, in the work of Christ that they do in worldly things. Otherwise they would succeed in this direction as well as they succeed in the other. There are many men who have an arrogant way with them, although they may not feel arrogant. Or they have a patronizing way. They talk to a man of the world in a manner which seems to say: Don't you wish you were as good as I am? Why I have too look clear down before I can see you, you are so far beneath me!" That manner always disgusts,

DRIVES MEN AWAY

from the kingdom of Jesus Christ instead of bringing them in. When I was a lad I was one day in a village store, and there was a large group of young men there full of rollicking and fun, and a Christian man came in, and without any introduction of the subject, and while they were in great hilarity said to one of them: "George, what is the first step of wisdom?" George looked up and said: "Every man to mind his own business." Well, it was a very rough answer, but it was provoked. Religion had been hurled in there as though it were a bombshell. We must be adroit in the presentation of religion to the world.

Do you suppose that Mary in her conversation with Christ lost her symplicity? or that Paul, thundering from Mars Hill, took the pulpit tone? Why is it that people cannot talk as naturally in prayer-meeting and on religious subjects as they do in worldly circles? for no one succeeds in any kind of Christian work unless he works naturally. We want to imitate the Lord Jesus Christ, who plucked a poem from the grass of the field. We all want to imitate Him who talked with farmers about the man who went forth to sow, and talked with the fishermen about the drawn net that brought in fish of all sorts, and talked with the vine dresser about the idler in the vineyard, and talked with those newly affianced about the marriage supper, and talked with the man cramped in money matters about the two debtors, and talked with the woman about the yeast that livened the whole lump, and talked with the shepherd about the lost sheep. Oh, we might gather even the stars of the sky and twist them like forgetmenots in the garland of Jesus. We must bring everything to Him—the wealth of language, the tenderness of sentiment, the delicacy of morning dew, the saffron of floating cloud, the tangled surf of the tossing sea, the bursting thunder guns of the storm's bombardment. Yes, every star must point down to Him, every heliotrope must breathe His praise, every drop in the summer shower must flash His glory, all the tree branches of the forest must thrum their music in the grand march which shall celebrate a world redeemed.

Now, all this being so, what is the common sense thing for you and for me to do? What we do, I think, will depend upon

THREE GREAT FACTS.

The first fact, that sin has ruined us. It has blasted body, mind, and soul. We want no Bible to prove that we are sinners. Any man who is not willing to acknowledge himself an imperfect and a sinful being is simply a fool, and not to be argued with. We all feel that sin has disorganized our entire nature. That is one fact. Another fact is that Christ came to reconstruct, to restore, to revise, to correct, to redeem. The third fact is that the only time we are sure Christ will pardon us is the present. Now, what is the common-sense thing for us to do in view of these three facts? You will all agree with me—to quit sin, take Christ, and take Him now. Suppose some business man in whose skill you had perfect confidence should tell you that to-morrow (Monday) morning between 11 and 12 o'clock you could by a certain financial contraction make five thousand dollars, but that on Tuesday perhaps you might make it, but there would not be any positiveness about it, and on Wednesday there would not be so much, and Thursday less, Friday less, and so on less and less—when would you attend to the matter? Why, your common sense would dictate: "Immediately I will attend to that matter between 11 and 12 o'clock to-morrow (Monday) morning, for then I can surely accomplish it, but on Tuesday I may not, and on Wednesday there is less prospect. I will attend to it to-morrow." Now let us bring our common sense in this matter of religion. Here are the hopes of the Gospel. We may get them now. To-morrow we may get them, and we may not. Next day we may, and we may not. The prospect less and less and less,

THE ONLY SURE TIME

now—now. I would not talk to you in this way if I did not know that Christ was able to save all the people, and save thousands as easily as save one. I would not go into an hospital and tear off the bandages from the wounds if I had no balm to apply. I would not have the face to tell a man he is a sinner unless I had at the same time the authority of saying he may be saved. Suppose in Venice there is a Raphael, a faded picture, great in its time, bearing some marks of its greatness. History describes that picture. It is nearly faded away. You say: "Oh, what a pity that so wonderful a picture by Raphael should be nearly defaced!" After a while a man comes up, very unskillful in art, and he proposes to retouch it. You say: "Stand off! I would rather have it just as it is; you will only make it worse." After a while there comes an artist who was the equal of Raphael. He says: "I will retouch that picture and bring out all its original power." You have full confidence in his ability. He touches it here and there. Feature after feature comes forth, and when he is done with the picture it is complete in all its original power. Now God impressed his image on our race, but that image has been defaced for hundreds and for thousands of years, getting fainter and fainter. Here comes up

A DIVINE RAPHAEL.

He says: "I can restore that picture." He has all power in heaven and on earth He is the equal of the One who drew the image of God in our soul. He touches this sin, and it is gone; that transgression, and it disappears; and all the defacement vanishes; and "where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound." Will you have the defacement or will you have the restoration? I am well persuaded that if I could by a touch of heavenly pathos in two minutes put before you what has been done to save your soul, there would be an emotional tide overwhelming.

"Mamma," said a little child to her mother, when she was being put to to bed at night—"mamma, what makes your hand so scarred and twisted, and unlike other people's hands?" "Well," said the mother, "my child, when you were younger than you are now, years ago, one night after I had put you to bead I heard a cry, a shriek up-stairs. I came up, and found the bed was on fire, and you were on fire, and I took hold of you, and I tore off the burning garments, and while I was tearing them off and trying to get you away I burned my hand, and it has been burned and scarred ever since, and hardly looks any more like a hand; but I got that, my child, in trying to save you." O man! O woman! I wish to-day I could show you the burned hand of Christ—burned in plucking you out of the fire, burned in snatching you away from the flame. Aye, also the burned foot, and the burned brow, and the burned heart—burned for you. By His stripes ye are healed!

Albrecht Durer and Hans Sachs.

The old imperial city of Nuremberg has been in all times rich in men who have distinguished themselves in the most various spheres of life, through extraordinary knowledge power and will, but in no time, richer than in the sixteenth century, the century of Reformation. Among the important men of this epoch stand two, which are representative of the artistic ability of that period, of the living spirit of the Nuremberg people. Albrecht Durer and Hans Sachs. The one professional colleague of his time, towering far above all in marvelous strength of metaphorical gift of representation, equally distinguished as designer, painter, engraver and stamp cutter, as carver in wood, ivory, stone and metal, as architect and thoughtful writer concerning art; the other a substantial citizen and manufacturer, at the same time the most prolific poet of his time, but both the most prominent advancers of church reform, which began through the bold victorious strength of the Wurtemburg monks, continued and carried on with enthusiastic acclamation and assistance of the greatest spirits of that time and brought to settlement by the will of the nation.

Albrecht Durer was among the first followers of the new ecclesiastical spirit which was awakened in Nuremberg by Luther's appearance at a time when it was not quite safe to renounce the papal church and to decide to walk by the side of the reformer, abandoned and proscribed by the Kaiser and the Pope.

Already in the beginning of the year 1518 he offered Luther an act of homage in that he sent to him with loving, venerating words, books of wood engraving and copper plate; he was soon the head of a little inspired Lutheran community whose members, men like Hieronymus, Ebener, Kaspar, and Hieronymus Holzschuher represented the aristocracy of the minds of Nuremberg's precincts; he remained steadfast with warm ardour and deep enduring devotion in good days and evil ones, to Luther and his doctrine. Hans Sachs was still a young man, when this, the greatest and most weighty epoch of German history began, but Luther's doctrine seized him immediately with violent force and influenced him to absorb himself with complete fervency of spirit in Luther's writings, in order to permeate himself with the arguments of the new doctrine; for it was a serious matter to this conscientious man to be obliged to change his religious ideas and in place of the Tradition accepted as truth, to form now from his own meditations a conviction for the new promulgated faith. But when he had gained firm ground, then nothing held him back from hearty confession, and out of his quiet workshop sounded that powerful reformation song, working as with charming power, from the "Wurtemburg nightingale." But the faithful friend Albrecht Durer was the first to whom the noble master, full of deep rapture, read it, his soul thereby trembling:

A wake the day approaches!
I hear singing in the green hedges,
A wonderful nightingale,
Whose voice resounds through hill and dale.

The Typewriter's Inroads.

It is astonishing what little use lawyers have now for long hand copyists. A few years ago a first class penman could earn a good salary copying deeds, wills, agreements, etc., but now the typewriter does almost all that kind of work and long hand writers are left out in the cold. There are a few lawyers who still have "wills" and very important documents written with the pen, but these are only a few of the most prominent ones, and then they want an expert penman to do them. I think a few years hence writing with the pen will be a thing of the past altogether, although for looks give me handsome long hand writing to any typewriter work I have ever seen, and I have been handling it for the last eight years.

A writer in a contemporary journal says: "I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. Posts of any wood can be prepared for less than 2 cents apiece. This is the recipe: Take linseed oil and stir in pulverized coal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man who will live to see it rot."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY AUGUST 25, 1889.

The Anointing of David

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Sam. 16 : 1-13. Memory verses, 11, 13.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Obedience and Disobedience.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.*—1 Sam. 15 : 22.

LESSON TOPIC: *Obedience Tested.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Going to Bethlehem, vs. 1-5.
2. Rejecting the Elder Sons, vs. 6-10.
3. Anointing the Youngest Son, vs. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.*—1 Sam. 16 : 7.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—1 Sam. 16 : 1-13. Obedience tested.
T.—1 Sam. 15 : 24-35. Samuel's sorrow for Saul.
W.—1 Sam. 16 : 14-23. David in Saul's household.
T.—1 Sam. 10 : 1-16. The anointing of Saul.
F.—2 Sam. 7 : 1-17. God's favors to David.
S.—Psa. 89 : 1-26. God's favors to David.
S.—Psa. 89 : 27-52. God's favors to David.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. GOING TO BETHLEHEM.

I. Commandment:
Fill thine horn with oil, and go,.... to Jesse the Beth-lehemite (1).
Thou shalt anoint him to be prince over my people (1 Sam. 9 : 16).
Go to Ramoth-gilead.... Look out there Jehu (2 Kings 9 : 1, 2).
He chose David,.... and took him from the sheepfolds (Psa. 78 : 70).
He raised up David to be their king (Acts 13 : 22).

II. Peril:
How can I go? if Saul hear it, he will kill me (2).
Saul eyed David from that day and forward (1 Sam. 18 : 9).
I go in unto the king:.... if I perish I perish (Esther 4 : 16).
Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake (Matt. 10 : 22).
I hold not my life.... as dear unto myself (Acts 20 : 24).

III. Obedience:
And Samuel did that which the Lord spake (4).
According to all that God commanded him, so did he (Gen. 6 : 22).
Thus did Moses; according to all that the Lord commanded (Exod. 40 : 16).
Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it (John 2 : 5).
Abraham, when he was called, obeyed (Heb. 11 : 8).

1. "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul?" (1) Saul's fall: (2) Samuel's mourning; (3) God's inquiry.—(1) Undue Sorrowing; (2) Gentle rebuke.
2. "Fill thine horn with oil, and go," (1) The filled horn; (2) The new mission; (3) The devine commander.
3. "How can I go? if Saul hear it, he will kill me." (1) Saul's jealousy; (2) Samuel's fear.—(1) Seat of God; (2) Halted by man.

II. REJECTING THE ELDER SONS.

I. An Ideal King:
Surely the Lord's anointed is before him (6).
Saul:.... there was not.... a goodlier person (1 Sam. 9 : 2).
He was higher than any.... from his shoulders and upward (1 Sam. 10 : 23).
Samuel said,.... There is none like him (1 Sam. 10 : 24).
Look not on his countenance, or on.... his stature (1 Sam. 16 : 7).

II. A Crucial Test:
The Lord looketh on the heart (7).
The Lord seeth not as man seeth (1 Sam. 16 : 7).
Thou; even thou only, knowest the hearts of all (1 Kings 8 : 39).
The Lord searcheth all hearts (1 Chron. 28 : 9).
God trieth the hearts and reins (Psa. 7 : 9).

III. A Complete Submission:
Samuel said unto Jesse, The Lord hath not chosen these (10).
The Lord do that which seemeth him good (2 Sam. 10 : 12).
The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away (Job 1 : 21).
Not my will, but thine, be done (Luke 22 : 42).
The will of the Lord be done (Acts 21 : 14).

1. "Surely the Lord's anointed is before him." (1) External attractiveness; (2) Hasty conclusions; (3) Divine adjustments.
2. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth." (1) How man seeth; (2) How Jehovah seeth.—(1) Man as seen of man; (2) Man as seen of God.
3. "The Lord looketh on the heart." (1) The human heart; (2) The divine eye.—(1) The divine observer; (2) The penetrating gaze; (3) The inspected heart.

III. ANOINTING THE YOUNGEST SON.

I. An Imperative Call:
Fetch him: for we will not sit down till he come (11).
Up, get you out of this place (Gen. 19 : 14).
They ran and fetched him thence (1 Sam. 10 : 23).
I took thee from the sheepcote (2 Sam. 7 : 8).
God, who.... called me through his grace (Gal. 1 : 15).

II. A Clear Designation:
Arise, anoint him: for this is he (12).
Behold the man of whom I spake to thee! (1 Sam. 9 : 17).
Behold, he hath hid himself among the stuff (1 Sam. 10 : 22).
There shall meet you a man:.... follow him (Mark 14 : 13).
Now send men to Joppa, and fetch one Simon (Acts 10 : 5).

III. A Divine Endowment:
The spirit of the Lord came mightily upon David (13).
Joshua.... a man in whom is the spirit (Num. 27 : 18).
The spirit of the Lord came upon Jephthah (Judg. 11 : 29).
The spirit of the Lord came mightly upon him (Judg. 14 : 6).
They were all filled with the Holy Spirit (Acts 2 : 4).

1. "There remaineth yet the youngest. (1) Lightly esteemed of men; (2) Highly esteemed of God.
2. "Send and fetch him." (1) Thoroughness; (2) Activity; (3) Success.
3. "This is he." (1) The last called; (2) The first chosen.—(1) Least among his brethren: (2) Greatest before the Lord.

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

EXALTATION OF THE LOWLY.

Assured in prophecy (Ezek, 17 : 24; 21 : 26).
Assured in the Epistles (Jas. 4 : 10; 1 Pet. 5 : 6).
Assured by the Lord (Matt. 23 : 11, 12; Luke 14 : 10, 11).
Practiced by Jehova (1 Sam. 2 : 8; Psa. 113 : 7, 8; Luke 1 : 52).
Characterizes the gospel (1 Cor. 1 : 26-28; Eph. 2 : 12, 13).
Glorifies God (1 Cor. 1 : 29-31; 2 Cor. 12 : 9, 10).
Rejoices saints (Jas. 1 : 9).
Illustrated in Joseph (Gen. 41 : 14, 52, 40; Psa. 105 : 17-22); in Saul (1 Sam. 9 : 20, 21; 15 : 16, 17); in David (1 Sam. 16 : 11-13; Psa. 78 : 70-72; 89 : 19, 20); in the Lord Jesus (Luke 22 : 27; Phil. 2 : 5-11).

LESSON BIBLE READING.

The rebuke of Saul by Samuel was followed by the king's confession and plea for pardon. But his rejection was reiterated by Samuel. The rending of the prophet's robe in the hand of Saul, was made a sign of the rending of the kingdom. All the prophet would concede was an external recognition of Saul before the people (1 Sam. 15 : 24-31). This was followed by the slaying of Agag, king of the Amalekites, by Samuel himself (1 Sam. 15 : 32, 33). After this there was no further intercourse between the prophet and the rejected king (1 Sam. 15 : 34, 35).

The place of this lesson was Bethlehem, afterwards known as "the city of David." The time is not stated. But David, while still young, seems to have been already grown. If he were born in B. C. 1085, then the date indicated by Usher (about B. C. 1063) is a probable one. This would be in the thirty-second year of Saul's reign, when David was about twenty-two years old. Others, however, think an interval of some length should be placed between the anointing as king and the victory over Goliath, and accordingly they assign to the former an earlier date.

Some Homemade Remedies.

By the purchase of necessary materials and the personal supervision of their preparation and mixing at home, one may easily save half the retail price of many simple prescriptions, adding this advantage to the satisfaction of obtaining the proper ingredients and those of purer quality than might otherwise be used. Furthermore, when troubled by slight irregularities of the system one is not inclined, always, to consult a regular physician, and is still less inclined, if wise, to choose any among the hundreds of patent nostrums sold by druggists. Often, a simple mixture of harmless ingredients proves efficacious and prompt in its results. These, from my limited list, have been well tested:

For Constipation.—One pound of figs, two ounces of senna leaves (obtainable at any drug store), one cupful of good molasses. Chop figs and senna leaves quite fine, then add molasses, mix well and pack in small earthern jars or glasses. Keep well covered. Give to an adult one-half teaspoonful to a child one-quarter teaspoonful at each dose.

For Chronic Diarrhea.—Make a mild decoction from the dried leaves of a plant called frost weed, by steeping a small handful of the leaves in boiling water, enough to cover. Drink it hot in small portions until relieved.

For Indigestion or Dyspepsia.—One calf's rennet, washed carefully, cut fine and soaked for a week in one quart of best cider vinegar. Take one tablespoonful fifteen minutes before each meal.

Liniment for Bruises, Strains and Rheumatism.—One cupful of terpentine, one cupful of ammonia, two eggs. Beat well together and bottle.

Hairwash for Removal and Prevention of Dandruff.—Two ounces of pulverised borax, two ounces of gum camphor, broken in small pieces, one quart of boiling water. Bottle and cork tightly. Before each time of using, strain a small quantity and dilute with an equal portion of water. Apply to the head with a flannel cloth or with the hands. Wash the head and hair afterward with soft water.

Glycerine and Rose Water for Softening the Hands.—One-half cupful of glycerine, one cup-ful of rosewater, one-half teaspoonful spirits of camphor. First put camphor in the bottle, then glycerine, which shake well before adding the rose water. Apply after washing the hands and while still wet. Rub in well, then wipe with a soft towel.

Good Housekeeping.

To drink ice-cold beverages when one is overheated is to incur the terrible risk of congestion of some vital organ, and perhaps sudden death resulting therefrom. The writer knows of a case in point; a young countryman, a foreigner who had been cutting hay and was overheated, went to the well and drawing there a bucket of cold water, drank a bowlful, and in five minutes dropped dead.

In fevers all drinks that are at all heating or exciting should be avoided. Lemonade, tamarindade, orangeade (strained so as to exclude the solid substance) and teas made from some simple aromatic herbs may be given to the patient, if called for. Pure fresh water is the most natural and the safest and best drink to quench thirst in fevers, and we advocate giving all the water the patient may reasonably need.

One cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, three eggs, two and one-half teaspoons of baking powder; bake in a buttered dish and serve hot.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

The name "Iris" is the origin of the conventional Fleurs-de-Lys, or de-Luce.

The name ("all hues") is derived from a fabulous deity and special attendant on Juno. She was entitled "the Goddes of the Rainbow," and was represented with variegated colors on her wings, and as the Greeks supposed that she guided the souls of the women to their spiritual resting-place (as Mercury those of men), they planted her emblematic flower round the tombs of their women. The Egyptians, Babylonians, and Assyrians held the Iris in much esteem; with it they crowned the brows of the sphinx, and adorned the sceptres of their kings; and the flower may be seen as the terminal ornament on the after, and on the monuments of the kings of Assyria and Babylon. The same idea of its regal character or its stately beauty caused the selection of this flower-crowned reed or flag, by the ancient Franks (the yellow *Pseudacorus*) as a sceptre, which they placed in the hand of a newly-proclaimed king, when they elevated him upon a shield, and bore him in state upon their shoulders.

This beautiful flower has been immortalised by poets, from the time when Virgil sang of the goddess of whom it was the chosen emblem, down to that of Longfellow—some of my readers recognising the quotation—

"O! flower de luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make for ever
The world more fair and sweet."

* * *

AMARYLLIS JOHNSONII GRANDIFLORA.

A writer in "The Household" says I have now in bloom four large pots of these beautiful amaryllis, each pot has four blooming bulbs planted in it, the flower stalks of each almost three feet high crowned with seven and sometimes eight glowing, crimson lilies the long, dark green leaves contrasting well with the regal lilies. For soil I use well rotted manure and rich, fibrous leaf mold with coarse sand, using a pint of broken charcoal for drainage to each pot. I have the soil well mixed, fill the pot half full, then put in the amaryllis, straighten out the roots and cover the bulbs well with sand and charcoal then fill up with the mixed soil almost to the top of the pot; water and tie up securely to stakes. I generally use three stakes to each pot and am careful not to bruise or break the leaves.

I grow them all summer in a sunny place giving water as they need it, always trying to have a vigorous leaf growth, as much depends on this; if we expect to have large, strong lily scapes we must have strong, healthy bulbs, well grown.

In the fall I bring in early and set on the top of the flower stand giving just water enough to keep them from wilting. Soon the leaves will turn yellow, these I carefully remove, then in a short time new leaves will make their appearance, and with the new leaves will come the buds pushing their way up beside the bulb, each bulb giving two stalks. As soon as the buds come peeping up I move the pots to a sunny window as close to the glass as I can, and then give weak manure water until the lilies are fully developed and such a feast of glowing lilies as I have! As soon as the flowering season is over I treat them just as I would any other plant, re-potting always in June.

For decoration of conservatories, churches or windows, they cannot be surpassed by any plant, always giving a grand effect when used with pots of cypress and palms or with the graceful acacia. I grow other amaryllis but do not think that any of them are more desirable than the *Johnsonii grandiflora*. They should always be grown in large pots and given good culture as they will not give good results unless they are well grown, and have a season of rest. I find the vallotta very easy grown and most satisfactory as it is sure to bloom in August, giving one its beautiful crimson lilies, and I have had these bloom again in winter. I do not repot my vallotas every year but give them a top dressing of rich soil and they thrive well.

* * *

GLADIOLI.

Bulbs of these beautiful summer and autumn flowering plants should be placed in the ground now, covering them three or four inches deep. If a mass of spikes is required, the bulbs may be disposed about eight inches apart, but if isolated clumps are preferred, three bulbs may be planted together in a triangle, inserting a stick in the centre of them, to which the three stems can be tied to prevent their being broken by the wind. The scarlet variety known as brenchleyensis is one of the cheapest and most effective; but varieties are sold in a mixture of colors at low rates by seedsmen and dealers. Gladioli grow two or three feet in height, but they do not spread, and not much more beauty can be had from a small space than is produced by these flowers: they are, therefore, adapted to small gardens, and grow well near or even in towns, where the soil is good. A few bulbs may also be inserted between other plants in window-boxes, and the sooner they are placed in the soil the better after the beginning of May. Many have been planted some time, but they grow and flower very well if put in now.

* * *

Do not cut the lawn too frequently when the weather is dry.

A handsome variegated thing is *fiscus elastica variegata*. The marking is extremely handsome, shading from pale yellow to green, and the general habit is as robust as in the plain green variety.

Earthworms in pots make the soil close and tenacious, and often injure the roots of the plants. They are not desirable under these circumstances, and the pots should be rid of them by plunging them for a time in lime water—a half-hour, or long enough for the water to thoroughly saturate all of the soil—and then withdrawing them, and allowing the water to drain off.—*Vick's Magazine.*

...me free from grit mixed with alcohol applied with leather will give a beautiful polish to steel.

FARM NOTES.

A CHICKEN'S GROWTH.—The mysterious development of animal life from the egg, as revealed day by day during the process of incubation, is a most interesting study. Usually on the third day after heat is applied to a fertile egg the "germ" is visible. The eye and brain first assume form. Veins radiate from this speck. By the fourth day these vessels are marked distinctly, appearing to emanate from the eye. The head is given shape on the fifth; the body on the sixth; the heart, liver and other internal organs developing rapidly from this time. On the ninth and tenth days the bones of the chick and the legs with small scales upon them, are discoverable. Life appears on the twelfth day. Heat is evolved from the atom off a creature. The circulation of the blood is noticeable. Thereafter the egg throws off a certain amount of heat and the incubator needs less artificial warmth to maintain the required 102 degrees. Up to the fifteenth day the chick's eyes have been the most prominent feature, but from that time on the growth is seemingly proportionate. To the nineteenth day it enlarges in its several parts, with legs, incipient feathers and beak. The following day that beak is used to batter down the lime wall that confines the bird; and during the six or twelve hours of imprisonment the little fellow's system absorbs the yolk of the egg, which furnishes the sustenance during the first day of adventure in a heartless and conspiring world.

DISPOSING OF CROPS.—It is an old proverb, "More stock more manure; more manure more crops; more crops more stock." There is, of course, a limit to be reached somewhere in the increase, but the farmer who engages in stock-raising is sure to reach a point where his stock cannot dispose of the productions of the soil by producing meat and milk, and his expenses are then reduced by reason of his abundance and independence of the necessity of buying elsewhere, which increases the profits from sales and gives the farm a greater value, due to its capacity of production, and in that respect he may be storing up the profit of each year to reap it at a future time in the shape of the surplus crops sold over and above the amount required for stock. The farmer whose farm is abundantly stocked with all the animals he can accommodate, and who sells his hay, is not always as unwise as is sometimes charged, as the hay is simply a portion of the surplus which has been added to the farm in the manure, and which now becomes profit.

HOW SEEDS SPREAD.—It is related that some years ago a citizen of California imported from the East the seed of the old-fashioned dandelion. He wanted something to remind him of his early home. Like the man who imported the English sparrow, he did worse than he knew. The sparrow is everywhere; so is the dandelion. The seed drifts in the wind, like that of the thistle; the down is built into the nests of birds, and every seed which gets a lodgment on a lawn or grass-plot will, in due time, produce a million more. Now, the solitary dandelion is very attractive in bloom, and hardly less so when after the blossom the gauze globe appears, and a few days afterward goes sailing off before the wind like a small balloon. But the citizen who is forced to dig up his lawn because a million dandelions have strangled the grass, will utter no benediction over the rich golden blossom.

TO SAVE SWARMING BEES.—Al beekeepers know what loss absconding swarms make and often what trouble it is to save them, says a Western apiarist. To prevent this difficulty put a queen that is not very valuable in a queen cage and tie it to some convenient place, like a low limb on a tree. The swarm will be sure to settle on the cage where they can be hived without any trouble. It is the scent of the queen that causes them to alight. He adds that what called his attention to this was the fact that so many swarms settled in the same place near the apiary. He grasped the idea that it was the scent of the queen that caused them to do so, and after tying a queen cage with a queen in it to the limb of a tree a few times it proved the theory correct.

BE QUIET AMONG BEES.—When among bees let your movements be deliberate, and do not appear to fear them says G. M. Doolittle, an expert apiarist and authority. Quick, nervous movements the bees resent. If a bee is troublesome and you wish to retreat, put up your hands quietly and shield your face, as you quietly retreat. If you throw up your hands wildly and run, you may be sure you will lose the race, and the bees will leave you in a peculiar state of mind; not a calm, and peaceful frame, but, perhaps, one which will enable you to heed these instructions better than such a state of mind would.

A HINT TO APPLE GROWERS.—An Illinois fruit grower is said to have forwarded the apple production of a young orchard very much by planting only sixteen feet apart, requiring four times the usual number of trees. The redundant ones are girdled when large enough to bear; this both checks their growth and hastens fruitfulness, and they give a good return of extra fine specimens before it becomes necessary to remove them out of the way of the large permanent trees, then only beginning their yield.

STRAWBERRY beds that have not been kept clean since the berries were off will be quickly overrun with grass and weeds. If the weeds are in possession of the bed they may be mowed down. Grass will be more difficult to remove, and the best that can be done is to clean between the rows thoroughly in order to allow room for the new runners to root and grow.

TO SECURE flowers successively the bushes and vines must be kept in flowering condition by not allowing the flowers to remain and go to seed. When a plant produces seed it has accomplished its object, and every seed pod formed lessens the number of flowers. All flowers should be cut off before they begin to fade or change color.

HOUSEHOLD

EVERY-DAY MEALS.—"Breakfasts, dinners and suppers, day after day," exclaims some weary one. "How much simpler and better life would be if we never had to eat. What a waste of time there is in all this working and eating and washing of dishes over and over all our life long." This is a mistake. Our meals form an important part of our social and moral economy, and we don't realize their importance because, fortunately, we are never allowed to try the experiment of going without them. Only imagine a world where each one simply ate when he was hungry, food that needed no care and preparation, and hurried off to his work or pleasure without paying any attention to the movements of any one else, and see what the consequences would be. And remember in the first place that it is the trouble that it is necessary to take, the time and work that cooking requires, that necessitates our eating together at the same time, and changes the merely animal act of feeding into an hour of household companionship.

Have you ever thought of what one day would be like without our breakfast with the children's shining morning faces, and the influences of morning prayers still lingering about us to make every act of service more real? We begin the day at a well-ordered and cheerful breakfast table with love and kindly jest and interchange of plans for the day's work or recreation, and all day long the work and the recreation will be so much the better and truer for it. Then comes the dinner later in the day with the rest and talk—each meal in its turn a halt in the journey—a resting place for the mind as well as the body when often the tired business man has his best, it not his only opportunity of acquaintance with his children in the busy round of our modern life. I know a case of exhaustion, mental and physical, followed by months of wearing illness, all of which might have been avoided had the man, a conscientious but unwise worker, taken the rest of a dinner daily at home with cheerful intercourse, instead of a few cold mouthfuls unwillingly taken in an interval of work, alone, and no doubt even that sometimes forgotten. Was this an economy of time? Months of enforced idleness and suffering answered that question for him.

The politeness and courtesy of a table among well bred people have their civilizing influence, especially on young people, whose characters and manners are being made. It is well for us to wait until some one else is served to learn to think of the small needs of others, to remember each other's small preferences.

Our meals taken socially have a tendency to make us more habitually cheerful. Melancholy persons disposed to brood morbidly over imaginary or real troubles, find nothing worse for them than eating alone, or in silence. The best preventative of dyspepsia is a habit of cheerful and kindly intercourse at our meals, and the habit of self-control, which all politeness demands when we meet together, is invaluable, as every physician can tell us, not only in keeping us morally healthful, but also in helping to keep us physically beautiful and sane.

Between the life of the savage and the civilized man the marked and significant difference is in the order and regularity of the latter—the regular hours, the orderly meals, the daily intercourse. And the small details of a happy home life have an influence greater than we know. The spotless linen, the clear glass, the dainty china, the wholesome and well served dishes, the flowers beside the plate—each has its share in the impression of peace and kindness.

If we would think of these things more we would be more willing to take the trouble of our many "breakfasts, dinners and teas."—*Home and Farm.*

SPANISH CREAM.—Dissolve one-half box of gelatine in one pint of hot milk in a double kettle. When thoroughly dissolved add the yolks of three eggs and five tablespoonfuls of sugar, stir constantly and when it begins to thicken a little, stir in the well beaten whites of three eggs, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Remove from the fire immediately and pour in a pudding mold or dish which has been previously dipped in cold water. This cream can be made in less than half an hour and should be left to stand in a cool place until the next day. Serve with cream whipped or plain. This is a very nice dessert for Sunday. Cake can be served with it.

LEMON JELLY.—One box of gelatine dissolved in one pint of cold water for about an hour. Then add three pints of boiling water, the juice and grated rind of four lemons and sweeten to taste. Strain through a flannel bag and pour in jelly molds. It must be made the day before using and should stand on ice.

STEAMED CUSTARDS. — Boil one quart of sweet milk in a double kettle, add four eggs well beaten, and two-thirds of a cup of white sugar. Let it come to a boil, then remove from the stove and when cool flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and pour into custard cups. Have your steamer ready over boiling water and put your cups into it, steaming them until they thicken like custard pie. Try them with a handle of a teaspoon. When cold grate nutmeg over the top. Serve in the cups for dessert or tea.

BAKED AND STUFFED TOMATOES.—Select firm, ripe tomatoes and with a sharp knife cut off a thin slice from the stem end. Now remove the green core and fill the orifice with an onion chopped very fine, a small piece of the best butter, a little pepper, a little salt and a teaspoonful of cracker dust or bread crumbs. Arrange them in a baking pan, add a little water and bake in a moderate oven.

TOMATO OMELET FOR SUPPER.—Take equal parts of sliced onions and tomatoes, peeled and freed from pips, chop them both coarsely. Fry the onions in butter. When cooked, without being colored, add the tomatoes, with pepper and salt, and keep stirring the mixture on the fire till it forms a sort of puree. Make a plain omelet in the usual way, and insert this in the fold on dishing it.

MADE IT PLAIN.—"Say!" he began as he halted a pedestrian, "I'm stuck on a point in history. Why did Washington cross the Delaware?"

"He never did."

Didn't he? Why, history says he did."

"No, it don't. It speaks of Lord Cornwallis crossing the Hudson."

"Ah! So it does—so it does. I was all mixed up. That makes it plain to me now. Curious how a man will get a little off on these things now and then. I'll try and remember that—much obliged."

A NEIGHBOR SENT HIM.—He—"I'm the piano tuner, mum."

She—"I haven't sent for any piano tuner."

"Yes, mum, I know, mum; it were the gentleman next door sent me here, mum."

A GREAT TRAVELER.—Mr. Plain-talk—"Have you traveled much, Miss Elderly?"

Miss Elderly — "Indeed, I have. Every summer since my sixteenth year dear papa has taken me off for a trip abroad."

"Is that so? Well, I don't suppose that there is any country that you have not visited."

FORCE OF HABIT.—Mrs. J., who has just removed to a ten-story flat—"I wish, John, that you'd go down and see if the front door is locked."

Mr. J.—"I will, if you'll promise not to wake me up at dead of night saying there's a man in the cellar!"

NOBODY THERE.—Dudy, insinuating himself into a railroad seat alongside of a pretty Miss—"Nobody occupying the seat with you, Miss?"

Miss, looking at him disdainfully—"Nobody yet!"

PEDESTRIANISM.—Hotel clerk—"Do you wish to walk to the railroad station, or shall I call a hack? It is only a block distant."

Fat man—"Get me a carriage. If Providence had intended me to walk I would have been provided with more legs."

MALICIOUS.—Mrs. Youngwife—"I am so happy. My dear husband never goes out. He always stays at home with me in the evenings."

Female friend—"Yes, I have heard that he never cared for pleasure of any kind."

A DIFFERENCE.—Miss A.—"What do you think Miss Elderly says?"

Miss B.—"I have no idea."

"She says she is approaching her thirtieth year."

"Approaching it? Why, she has been getting away from it for the last ten years."

A lucky man is one who saves what he earns.

Save That Sweet Girl!

Don't let that beautiful girl fade and drop into invalidism or sink into an early grave for want of timely care at the most critical stage of her life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will aid in regulating her health and establishing it on a firm basis and may save her years of chronic suffering and consequent unhappiness.

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If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind.

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Taking it altogether there never was a time when our country was enjoying greater prosperity than at the present moment, and yet there are thousands of people in the land who are fussing and fuming about hard times. No doubt but what many of them are honest in their complaints, and it is often because they have not found the right kind of work or the right way to do it. Now, if business is not moving along with you satisfactorily, take our advice and write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. It is more than likely that they can help you, at any rate, it would cost you nothing but a postage stamp to apply to them.

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Don't work your horses to death with poor axle grease; the Frazer is the only reliable make. Use it once, and you will have no other.

God reaches us good things by our hands.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

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Nothing Cures Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Diabetes, Urinary, Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c., like Cann's Kidney Cure. Office, 831 Arch St., Phila. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5. At Druggists. Cures the worst cases. Cure guaranteed. Try it.

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FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

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Silk shoes and stockings of the same color as the gown accompany ball and evening toilets.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

Do a man more than one favor, and he will expect it as a regular thing.

Old smokers prefer "Tansill's Punch" Cigar to most 10 centers.

A man with the bust head will promise himself anything.

SAME, ONLY DIFFERENT.—Lawyer—"Now, Mr. Costello, will you have the goodness to answer me, directly and categorically, a few plain questions?"

Witness—"Certainly, sir."

"Now, Mr. Costello, is there a female at present living with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Costello?"

"There is."

"Is she under your protection?"

"She is."

"Now, on your oath, do you maintain her?"

"I do."

"Have you been married to her?"

"I have not."

(Here several severe jurors scowled gloomily at Mr. Costello.)

"That is all, Mr. Costello; you may go down."

Opposing Counsel—"Stop one moment, Mr. Costello. Is the female in question your grandmother?"

"Yes, she is."

HOW TO SEE SERPENTS.—Hardy Mariner—"I've lived on the water all my life and I've not seed no sea sarpints yet."

Dissipated tramp—"No wonder you didn't see 'em if you lived on water; you live on beer and whisky a few years like me, and you'll see lots of 'em 'most every day."

Heirs Wanted.—Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Johanna Wilson, daughter of Mark Sweeney, wife of Thomas Wilson, born in Limerick Co., Ireland. She is, if living, heir to an estate. If dead, her children or next of kin are wanted. Address, W. J. COVIL, Webster City, Iowa.

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Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
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We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
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The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. for pamphlet for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail. Name Paper.
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$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15 Free. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

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FARMS Do you want to buy or sell? LANDS If so send stamp for circ'r to Curtis & Buffett, 233 Broadway, N. Y.

MARRIAGE PAPER free. 200 Ladies and Gents want correspondents. The Globe, York, Pa.

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PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. By mail, Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

Summer Weakness
Is quickly overcome by the toning, reviving, and blood purifying qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine drives off that tired feeling and cures sick headache, dyspepsia, scrofula, and all humors. Thousands testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."
"My health was poor, as I had frequent sick headaches, could not sleep well, did not have much appetite, and had no ambition to work. I have taken less than a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and feel like a new person." MRS. W. A. TURNER, West Hanover, Mass.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

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TO WHAT WE HAVE TO SAY.
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To take orders for enlarging SMALL PHOTOGRAPHS into
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Marvelous Success.
Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only cure for Nervous Affections. Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

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LATEST IMPROVED
HORSE POWER
Machines for THRESHING & CLEANING Grain, also Machines for SAWING WOOD with Circular and Cross-Cut Drag Saws.

Acknowledged by all to be THE BEST regarding EASY DRAFT, DURABILITY & QUANTITY OF WORK
16 page pamphlet Free. Address A. W. GRAY'S SONS,
PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
MIDDLETOWN SPRINGS, Vt.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home with out pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 66½ Whitehall St.

CAUTION
W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all Shoes advertised by him before leaving his factory; this protects the wearer against high prices and inferior goods. If your dealer does not keep the style or kind you want, or offers you shoes without W. L. DOUGLAS' name and price stamped on them, and says they are just as good, do not be deceived thereby, but send direct to the Factory, for you can get what you want by return mail, postage paid. Dealers make more profit on unknown shoes that are not warranted by anybody, therefore do not be induced to buy shoes that have no reputation. Buy only those that have W. L. DOUGLAS' name and price stamped on the bottom and you are sure to get full value for your money. Thousands of dollars are saved annually in this country by the wearers of W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES. In ordering by mail state whether you want Congress, Button or Lace, London cap toe, plain French toe, or narrow cap toe, and be sure to give size and width you wear. I can fit any foot that is not deformed, as my shoes are made in a great variety of widths, sizes and half sizes. I guarantee a fit, prompt delivery and perfect satisfaction or money refunded upon return of the shoes in good condition. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN
Is a fine seamless calf shoe, with Dongola tops and Oak Leather bottoms. They are made in Congress, Button and Lace on London Cap Toe, Narrow Cap Toe and Plain French Toe Lasts, in sizes from 5 to 11, including half sizes and in all widths. If you have been paying from $3 to $5 for shoes of this quality do not do so longer. One pair will wear as long as two pairs of common shoes sold by dealers that are not warranted by the manufacturer.
Our claims for this shoe over all other $3 shoes advertised are:
1st. It contains better material.
2d. It is more stylish, better fitting and durable
3d. It gives better general satisfaction.
4th. It costs more money to make.
5th. It saves more money for the consumer.
6th. It is sold by more dealers throughout the U. S.
7th. Its great success is due to merit.
8th. It cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer.
9th. It is the best in the world; and has a larger demand than any other $3 shoe advertised.
$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.
The Following Lines will be found to be of the same quality of excellence:
$5.00 SHOE GENUINE HAND-SEWED, which takes the place of custom-made shoes that cost from $7 to $9.
$4.00 SHOE THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY HAND-SEWED WELT $4 SHOE. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $8.
$3.50 SHOE FOR POLICEMEN, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.
$2.50 SHOE IS UNEXCELLED FOR HEAVY WEAR. Best Calf Shoe for the price.
$2.25 SHOE WORKINGMAN'S. Is the best in the world for rough wear; one pair ought to wear a man a year.
$2.00 SHOE IS EQUAL TO SHOES THAT COST FROM $3 TO $3.50. One pair will wear longer than any shoe ever sold at the price.
$2.00 SHOE FOR BOYS is the best School Shoe in the world.
$1.75 SHOE YOUTH'S SCHOOL, gives the small boy a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.
W. L. DOUGLAS $3 AND $2 SHOES FOR LADIES.
Both Ladies' Shoes are made in sizes from 1 to 7, including half sizes, and B, C, D, E and EE widths.
STYLES OF LADIES' SHOES.
"The French Opera," "The Spanish Arch Opera," "The Americana Common Sense," "The Medium Common Sense." All made in Button in the Latest Styles. Also French Opera in Front Laces, on $2 Shoe only.
Consumers should remember that W. L. DOUGLAS is the largest and only Shoe Manufacturer in the world supplying shoes direct from factory, thus giving all the middle-men's profits to the wearer.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, AUG. 22.

"THE RACKET."

Chas. B. Rouss,
Wholesale Dry Goods,
New York City.
July 1, '89.

To the Public:

We desire to say that G. R. Spigelmeyer has the exclusive sale of our goods in his town; his resident buyer has his headquarters with us, and is given first choice of every bargain we receive. Our arrangement with this firm is that he obligates himself to sell at one, small, uniform profit on all goods we sell him—no "baits," no misrepresentation, no overcharging, and no crediting to anybody.

(Signed) *C. B. ROUSS.*

The above explains itself. I am now in position to serve my friends in Penns and Brush Vallies, better than ever. When in Bellefonte call to see me:

G. R. SPIGELMEYER.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——The Luse plaining mill is having a large addition built to the north end of it.

——Alex. Kuhn is plastering Yony Deininger's new building near the station.

——The Daily News the other day had a most cruel request asking cloudbursts to continue,

——Theo. P. Rynder, the Greenback party of Pennsylvania, offers himself for the office of Prothonotary.

— W. E. Gray, a young boaner ges at the Bellefonte bar, announces his name as a Republican candidate for Prothonotary.

——The Centre iron company at Bellefonte, has ordered a change in all its managers, on some complaint affecting wages of th Italians.

——The Tusseyville band has fixed upon having a festival, and a grand time, big time, gay time, on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6 and 7.

— Joel Morris, a well known citizen of Miles township, died last Sunday. His remains were buried at Rebersburg on Wednesday morning.

——We are informed that a steam cider press with a capacity of over 100 barrels per day will be put up this fall at the lower end of town.

——The prospect of a large apple crop in the valley is vanishing. The young fruit is fast dropping off no doubt having been injured by an insect.

——George Flory raises some very fine beans; he has a new variety which are large and delicious, a goodly sized bunch of which he kindly sent to this office.

——A large frame barn of Mac Coleman, two miles north of Blairsville, was struck by lightning last Wednesday and totally destroyed with all contents. Loss $5,000; insurance, $1,500.

——The Union Sunday School of Farmers Mills, will hold a picnic and festival on Saturday, 31st. Picnic in the forenoon and the festival in the afternoon and evening. Proceeds for benefit of the Sunday school.

——Samuel Y. Plank, of Union township, Mifflin county, while hanging up his hay ladders on the 10th inst., one of them fell down striking him on the head and fracturing his skull, from which he died on the 13th inst.

——On Wednesday, 14, the barn of John and Daniel Hoy, some seven miles Northeast of Milton, was struck by lightning and all the live stock, except one horse, was burned. The crops just gathered were also destroyed. Loss $10,000.

——It is reported on good authority that the glass works of Bellefonte, which were sold at sheriff's sale last winter, and have been idle ever since, will soon be purchased by a western firm, negotiations for which are now pending, and that they will be put in operation by the 1st of Oct.

——Of the storm of Wednesday of last week in Clinton county a special states that heavy hail fell, and as a result the tobacco crop is totally ruined in some places, the farmers thus losing their entire summer's work. The corn and fruit were also damaged. The damage is estimated at over $10,000.

——The advertisement of Bucknell University, at Lewisburg, will be found in another column. This institution ranks among the best in the state, and its central and healthy location, with the beautiful country around it, lend it attractions possessed by few colleges.

——Mr. Harris, a Renovo merchant, a few days after the great flood saw a small boy playing with a peculiar looking toy. Upon inspection he discovered it to be a petrified human head, which had been severed from the body and washed away from its resting place in some cemetery by the flood. He offered the boy one dollar for it, which was gladly accepted, and the merchant now exhibits it to all who wish to see it. It is a beautiful white and as hard as marble. Of course, no one knows whence it came or to whose body it belongs.

——A Potter county farmer recently hired an experienced boy to help about the place. One morning he told the boy to salt the calf in the pasture. The boy took about a quart of salt, rubbed it all over the calf, working it into the hair. A herd of colts in the pasture scented the salt and got after the calf. They licked the hair all off the calf's back, and tried to lick the hide off too. The farmer tried to catch the calf to wash it, but the creature thinking he wanted to lick, too, kept out of the way. The boy, the calf and the farmer are all very unhappy. The colts are the only ones that got any fun out of it. By salting Canada thistles you can have 'em licked to death in this way.

The Picnic.

Col. James F. Weaver is very active assisting the grange picnic committee in its labors. Mr. Dauberman, one of the committee, informed us the other day, that the committee's preparations this year would far exceed those of last year. Isaac Frain, county deputy, is also using his office for the furtherance of the Central Penna. Exhibition and Picnic.

Under an arrangement with William H. Joyce, General Freight Agent of the Pennsylvania railroad, shipments for the exhibition held in Fort Woods will be charged regular current rates to Centre Hall, but all such shipments after the exhibition, if unsold and re-shipped within thirty days after the close of the exhibition, will be returned free to original point of shipment over any of the lines by which it came.

The free return will only be granted upon the presentation of the original paid freight bill, and a certificate signed by the proper officer of the exhibition, to the effect that shipments are unsold exhibits.

All camp equipage will also be carried free.

Mark your goods plainly, freight prepaid, for Centre Hall station, and ship at least one week before the opening of the picnic.

The committee have arranged for all who desire it, to unload articles and haul same to the ground for a trifling charge. The Adams express office is only a few rods from the ground.

Exhibitors can bring their own tents or hire one for $3.50 for the week. Tents for shelter and lodging from $2.25 to $2.50 for the week.

Exhibitors will be charged a small entrance fee, which will entitle them to the free use of telephone, at the following rate:

Class 1 articles, retail price $50 or less entry fee	$ 50
Class 2 articles, retail price $50 to $100, entry fee	1 00
Class 3 articles, retail price above $100 entry fee	1 25

No exhibitor will be charged a less sum than 50 cents.

A New Way to Make Butter

The Albany (N. Y.) Express says: "A woman in West Nyack has made a discovery which, if it can be put in successful operation, will result in the abolition of the old method of churning, and revolutionize the art of butter making. The discovery was purely accidental, and the discoverer, who has experimented with her new method many times, believes in it thoroughly. She put the cream of several days milkings from her pet Jersey cow in a thick cloth one day, and as it was too warm to churn, placed the bag in the ground in a cool place, throwing a shovelful of earth over it so that the cat could not get at it. She left it there until she came home next day. When she took the bag from the ground she found the cream had turned to a great yellow lump of butter, and the only thing left for her to do was to salt and work it. The buttermilk had entirely disappeared, and there was about a third more than the usual amount of butter obtained by churning. She has tried the experiment a dozen times since, and always obtained better butter than by churning. The only exception was one time when the rain soaked into the ground and mildewed the cream.

Who of the REPORTER readers will try this and report results?

Tally-Ho!

A tally-ho coach passed through here last Tuesday afternoon, from Lewistown, drawn by four horses, and returned again about 9 in the evening, probably having gone as far as Bellefonte. The coach looked like one of Waddy Graham's coaches that were so common in this section before the days of our railroads. On deck were about half dozen young ladies and gents, some having horns; the population inside the stage was similarly made up. The crowd was merry and on a trip in imitation of the travel of ye olden time. There was one thing that was not on the program, the coach did not stop, as of old, at our post offices to have the mails changed, although there were half dozen *males* aboard. Now we dont want a libel suit for this pun on *males* and *mails*. All on board, males and females, were merry and seemed to enjoy the ride while some of our 5 to 20 year olds were afforded an opportunity of seeing how passengers traveled before we had the iron horse.

The Funeral of Judge Irwin.

The *News* says the funeral services on Saturday over the remains of the late Judge John Irwin, Jr. were very largely attended. It was conducted according to the custom of the Society of Friends. Miss Mary Snowden Thomas, of Baltimore, was present and she announced that a few moments would be spent in silent prayer; that if, during the service, any one felt inclined to say a word of exortation or advice, they were welcome to do so. At the expiration of a few moments of silence she uttered a most beautiful petition, and followed it with the reading of a selection of scripture and the delivery of an eloquent and impressive address. Her voice is strong and melodious, full of expression and power. Her thoughts are fine and her language excellent. The funeral cortege moved to the Howard Street Cemetery, where the Judge was laid near his wife.

Shot Himself in the Head.

Andrew Grabbe, a citizen of Lewistown, committed suicide on Sunday by shooting himself in the head with a pistol. The ball entered the brain and he died instantly. The case of the suicide is attributed to sickness, losses by the recent flood, and a temporary derangement of mind. He was a prominent member of the Knights of Pythias and the Lutheran church. He was 45 years of age, and leaves a wife and four children.

Facts for all.

In spite of all competition the Philad Branch clothing store, remains headquarters for actual bargains in ready made clothing, for men and boys. Lewins introduced cheap clothing in Centre county, and has kept it at that all the time; he kept honest goods, no trash, and, as a rule, always sold from 25 to 30 per cent. below any other clothing store in this part of the state.

Centre Hall Mills.

Fine granulated corn meal and No. 1 rye flour, at the Centre Hall mills. Also all grades of flour, feed, bran, cracked corn, hard and soft coal, etc. Terms cash, or in exchange.

Local Briefs.

——Murray's Vanilla—best—cheapest try it.

——Warm weather this week with prospect for dry.

——Extract of Vanilla, wholesale and retail, at Murray's.

—— Ad. Harter of Millheim has erected a new house, cottage style.

——Abs. Mingle, of Aaronsburg, died last Tuesday of brain fever.

——A 6½ foot black snake was killed by J. T. Corman in Miles twp.

——The corn and oats markets have dropped 1 cent in Philadelphia.

——Please remit amounts due on REPORTER, as per label on each paper.

——For sale—A good store stand, address, Jacob Strohm, Tusseyville, Pa.

——Our young friend, J. M. Harter, merchant at Rebersburg, is quite ill.

——Two western ladies, named Allison are visiting at Miss Maggie Thompson's.

——Street Commissioner Floray is making needed repairs on the streets in the place.

——Murray's Extract of Vanilla is far cheaper and preeminently superior to any other make.

——Simon Dinges left on Wednesday to enter the Central Penna. College at New Berlin.

——Mike Eby has purchased the Vonada farm in Haines twp., at $42 per acre.

——Prof. Rothrock will move to this place this fall when he takes charge of our schools.

——Several men are at work on the road between town and station, making needed repairs.

——The mill, wagon will deliver town orders Tuesday and Thursday afternoon of each week.

— Our Linden Hall correspondent gives an accoun of the sale of real estate of Henry Meyer, dec'd.

——There are some miserable boardwalks down town; have them fixed before some one gets hurt.

——Jacob Neidig was pitched out of his buggy, near Aaronsburg, by a runaway horse, but not hurt.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

——Wm. Henny formerly of near the Fort, had a stroke of apoplexy in the west where he is visiting. He now resides at Millheim.

——Christ Murray will leave next week for Franklin & Marshall college at Lancaster, and will enter the institution as a Freshman.

——College vacations are drawing to a close, and quite a number from this place and vicinity will hie themselves to their respective places.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing and gents furnishing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the busy place now. Bargains is what draws the people.

——Eugene Miller, son of Rev. J. K. Miller, dec'd, is visiting his old home here, and gave us a call. Eugene is employed in a large hardware establishment at Williamsport.

——All the New Woolens for the coming season now being received. Liberal discount for early orders during the dull season. Our Fall stock will be the finest ever shown. *Prices and a good fit guaranteed.* MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors, Bellefonte.

——Lewins beats the state for large assortment of men and boy's clothing—and he beats the world and all clothing stores in it for low prices. There's where you save from $3 to $8 on a suit of clothes.

——Some complain of potatoes rotting, caused, no doubt by the frequent rains. Indications now seem to point towards a dry spell, which may check the rot. The crop will be a good one, if the rot does not interfere.

— In spite of all competition Lewins continues to take the lead in ready made clothing, low prices as well as quality of goods. He gets ahead of all, sells more than all, pleases all, and fits and suits all.

——The Reformed Sunday school picnic last Saturday in the Fort Woods, near this place, was largely attended. The band was present and played several selections. The ladies covered themselves with honor in the preparing of the dinner.

——What the Philad. Branch does not have in the line of ready-made clothing, i not worth having. The spring stock now on the counters is immense and goes ahead of anything you ever saw. Lewins is King for low prices.

——Last Saturday the game of ball between the married and single men of the town came off, and resulted in a victory for the married men by a score of 13 to 11. The single men had the lead up to the sixth inning when the married men took the lead and refused to play any longer. SKUNKS!

——All that desire bargains in boots or shoes, go to Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block, which is the place to get anything in that line at lowest prices and every article warranted, or money refunded, if not found as represented. Mingle keeps none but firs class goods.

——Dale & Co., advertise their store goods at auction.

Esq. Rishel, advertises adm'r notice on estate of John Peters.

The co. commissioners advertise appeals on unseated lands.

Also for bids for taking down and rebuilding wall south side of court house.

Bucknell University and its advantages are advertised.

For all of which see another column of REPORTER.

——The Curwensville *Review* says, we understand that a move is on foot to extend the Tyrone and Clearfield railroad up the river, either via Wall's Mills or Lumber City to Mahaffey. This would give a good grade to all the freights of the up river country—Chest Creek, Cush Creek and Punxsutawney, and if extended down the river from Clearfield to Karthaus would give down grade for the coal from the upper country to the seaboard, and in the meantime would give a large trade to the T. & C. railroad from Clearfield to Tyrone. We also understand that the Osceola branch of the T. & C. railroad is to be extended from Belsena to Irvona there to connect with C. & J. This would give a good outlet via Houtzdale and Osceola. If these improvements are made it would give the Tyrone and Clearfield a large business. If extended down the river from Clearfield it would be the best in the state and the cheapest way of carrying coal to the seaboard.

Fun at Spring Mills.

THE FESTIVAL A SUCCESS—A LARGE CROWD—TWO LOVERS IN THE MIRE—DANCE BY A MOUNTAIN SET, ETC.

The band festival at Spring Mills, was largely attended by folks from the vicinity, Centre Hall and Millheim, besides a special train of four cars, filled with excursionists from Bellefonte, which arrived there in the evening.

The band was favored with a fine day and bright evening and had its work for the occasion well laid out, and they scooped in a goodly number of sheckles. Landlord Ruhl did a brisk business, furnishing a good square meal for all who wished it, and kept a careful bar, in order to avoid drunks. Davy keeps a good house and is always strict in his observance of the law.

There were several dozen private taverns in the Bellefonte crowd, and some of the lads were well filled with electricity, and on the return of the special train there were several disgraceful fights on board. Some youngsters felt as though they could lick all the United States, including slugger John L.

The festival proper was well conducted and any disorder is attributable to the unlicensed pocket bars which can't be avoided at such gatherings.

The largest attendance was at night; the day was fine and the night bright. Fellows with their sweethearts, from mountain and valley were as plenty as huckleberries, and as usual, ginger cakes disappeared by the cord, watermelons by wagon loads, and ice cream by the barrel. The boys certainly did the square thing by their girls, you bet. One amusing incident occurred while a fellow and his girl started home about 9.30. Before they got 100 rods they missed the path and struck mud in a swamp by the road.

"Goodness, John," screamed Sallie, "mer sin yo fum weg, ich bin iwer mi schu im swam."

"Halt sthill," said John, oder du bleist stecke, ich leg en bord nei, dos rous kannst."

Sally got out on a board, and bewailed the condition of her new shoes, saying, "Des is tso bad John, die mam hot mir just die onner woch die shu koft ons Longe store mit blackberre so das ichs festival tende kan, un now sin sie shun verdarbe, des is tsu bad. Well ich bin fro das uns niemand g'sehne hot."

At this stage of the trouble a little codger sitting behind a tree near-by, trying to get around a ten cent slice of watermelon, sung out saucily,

O Mariar, she
Got stuck in the mire.

This awakened the chivalry of John he burst out,

"Du glener bugger, besser macht net noch fun iwer uns; pock die fot, oder ich helf dich immer der grund kumme."

The slice of watermelon and the boy made speedy time for the next fence about four rods away. As they landed on t'other side a piece of the melon rind came back and took John square under the right ear. Then you should have heard the patent swearing in Dutch.

"Du ferkrenkter glener deivel won ich dic vermisch dreh ich der dei imfarmser hals ob."

The boy took to his heels, and the other Dutch swear words that followed after the naughty urchin, would make a Turk's mouth water to repeat them. Finally Sallie consoled herself by telling John,

"Ich kan mi schu butza wan ich hame kum, und noht kan ich doch marye in karich geh."

"Well, Sallie, ich kan net marye in die karich, der glea bugger hut mir mei colar gesokt mit seier wasser mellun schol, un hut all die stark rous 'gnumme, un ich hab just een Suntog coler.

A set of four—two boys with their girls—from the mountains, left the grounds for home, a little before 9 at night. Having proceeded a little over a mile, a barn door, washed along the path by the high water, attracted their attention, when one proposed to have a dance on it, which was carried by acclamation. One of the young maidens then suggested that some one lead in a dancing tshune, which was struck up and all joined in as follows, dancing to the tshune of Old Zip Coon,

Ring, ting, diddle,
The cat play the fiddle,
An the cow tsump over the moon,
The little dog laf to see the sport,
An the dish tsump over the spoon,
An we dance dis to the good ole tshune,
Of old Sip Koon, Old Sip Koon.
Krate big hous an noboty liven in,
Noboty liven in,
Krate big hous an noboty liven in,
Down in Tennessee.
An we dance dis to the good ole tshune,
Of ole Sip Koon, old Sip Koon.

This was repeated about the third time, when one of the party spied a buggy coming, and the mountain quadrille was hastily ended under the following remarks,

"Mir mussa ufharra, es kumt en buggy der weg ruf, wan se uns sahne werd des in der REPORTER gedrukt.

Old Zip Coon was danced in a style that would set any four of Chicago's big feet in the shade, as they came down whack on the barn door, you bet, and the dancers enjoyed it as hugely as any of your withered city sets do at the fashionable hops.

Another fellow and his gal from the north side of the valley came near having a family quarrel, in the evening as he and his sweetheart got on the ground he said, "Now Kittie bleib aweil do bis ich en bissel rum geh for epper sena."

Pretty soon she spied the rooster with two other pieces of calico taking a stroll towards the big hotel. She gave a little chap a nickle to follow and tell her recreant lover that a girl over at the festival wanted to see him. He smelt a mice and knew that there was fun ahead now, and asking the two girls to excuse him, the boy led him right into the presence of the deserted one, when she fired off at him, "Du bischt en schener kal, mich do sitze lasse, un walks nemme mit selle zwee schee gadreste schlappe, wu enny how not desend sin; ich het des net gedenkt vun dir, wo du schun arrangements wid mache for heire. Fer was dust du so glea acte?"

"Ach Ketty, ich hab nix derbei g'mehnt, ich had gedenkt wan ich en bissel mit onnere mate rum step, dan date die leit net so glie suspecte das mir heire wote. A truce was patched up, and John kept pretty close to his own piece of calico that evening.

There was an interesting game of ball in the afternoon between the State College and Bellefonte teams. The Bellefonte nine won by a score of 24 to 7.

A tub race in the afternoon afforded not a little amusement and excitement to the crowd.

There was a great deal of drunkenness and fighting around the edges of the festival. When the special returned to Bellefonte at night, there seemed to be a free fight in general on the train and in the hind car in particular. Whiskey, of course, was at the bottom of it. The hind car seemed to be full of Sullivans and Kilrains who kept up a fight. There were several drunken girls on the train from Bellefonte, who were howling and jumping, and made nice monkeys of themselves in their drunken orgies on the train.

STAR SPRING WATER.

Saratoga Star Spring Water for sale in bottles and by the glass by all druggists.

BIRD CAGES AT COST.

I have on hand a lot of brass and painted bird cages which I will sell at and below cost. Come early.

J. D. MURRAY.

Musical College.—The 36th session of six weeks, opens Monday evening, July 29, for the teaching of young ladies in vocal and instrumental music. Address,

F. C. MOYER,
0jun6t Director, Freeburgh, Pa.

CENTRE HALL MILLS.

The mill is now in full operation.

Grain of all kinds wanted.

There will be constantly on hand,

Cream, patent flour,

Calla Lily flour.

Fine rye flour.

Two grades granulated corn meal.

Chop, bran, and every grade of feed.

Corn chopped in the cob, 20 to 30 bu. per hour.

Coal.

Small stove, nut, lump and pea coal. Soft and Woodland coal, a full stock on hand.

A WAGON.

will deliver goods ordered from mill, every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

KURTZ & SON.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—NOTICE IS HEREby given that a special appeal for Unseated Land will be held at the Commissioners' Office in Bellefonte, for the several assessment districts as follows: For the townships of Rush, Spring, Potter, Harris, College, Benner, Ferguson, Half Moon, Patton and Worth, Sept. 9.

For the townships of Snow Shoe, Taylor, Ulen, Huston, Boggs, Howard, Liberty, Marion and Walker, Sept. 10.

For the townships of Burnside, Curtin, Gregg, Penn, Haines and Miles, Sept. 11.

JNO. C. HENDERSON,
M. S. FIEDLER,
Attest: JNO. D. DECKER,
J. B. Strohm, Clerk. Commissioners.
Bellefonte, Aug. 16, 1889.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—THE AUDITOR APpointed to hear and pass upon exceptions to the first separate account of B. F. Arney, one of the executors of Jacob Arney, late of Potter Township, deceased, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte on Wednesday, the 21st day of August, 1889, at ten o'clock, a. m., when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper.

D. F. FORTNEY,
aug23t Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of administration upon the estate of Sarah J. Beck, late of Harris township, deceased, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

WM. BECK,
laug9t Adm'r., Boalsburg, Pa.

ST. ELMO HOTEL.

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia
Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accesible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducement to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited
JOS. M. FEGER, Propr. tor

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre Co., there will be exposed at public sale at the late residence of Jacob Shaffer, dec'd, in Gregg Twp., 1 mile north of Penn Hall, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24TH, 1889,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the Real Estate of said Jacob Shaffer, dec'd., bounded and described as follows: On the South by public road and lands of Daniel Bartges; on the East by lands of John Stoner, on the North by lands of Daniel Bartges, and on the West by lands of John Bartges' Heirs and Francis Gramley, containing about

95 ACRES,

more or less. Thereon erected a 2-story Dwelling house, bank barn, a good summer house, and necessary outbuildings. Plenty of best spring water at the buildings. A large orchard with the best fruit, different varieties. About 50 acres under cultivation, balance well timbered with prop and spile timber.

Terms of sale: 1-3 on confirmation of sale; 1-3 in one year, and the balance in two years, all with interest from day of confirmation of sale. The deferred payments to be secured by bonds and mortgage on the premises.

M. L. RISHEL,
Adm'r. of dec'd.

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY.

REV. JOHN H. HARRIS, PH. D., President.

The COLLEGE has four courses of study with electives; an endowment of $272,000; free scholarships for deserving students; astronomical observatory; elective course of two years in chemistry.

Members of College Faculty confine themselves wholly to College work.

The Academy, WILLIAM E. MARTIN, A. M., Principal, with its own corps of instructors, and its own buildings, fits young men thoroughly for college, for business or for teaching.

The Institute for Ladies, MRS. CATHERINE B. LARISON, A. M., Principal, with separate buildings and campus, and with its own corps of Instructors, offers a thorough course in Literature and Science, and superior advantages in Music and Art.

No Institution of Learning in Pennsylvania is doing better now than Bucknell University. 301 students registered last year.

Fortieth year begins Sept. 12, 1889.

For catalogue or information, address,

PROF. G. G. GROFF, M. D., LL. D., Lewisburg, Pa. 22a6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of administration upon the estate of John Peters, late of Potter township, deceased, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

M. L. RISHEL,
22aug6t Admr., Farmers Mills.

NOTICE TO STONE MASONS.—SEALED proposals will be received by the County Commissioners at their office in Bellefonte, until 2 o'clock, p. m., August 29, 1889, for taking down and rebuilding the wall on the south side of the Court House yard.

Plans and specifications can be seen at their office.

The right is reserved to reject any or all bids that may be offered.

JNO. C. HENDERSON,
M. S. FIEDLER,
Attest: JNO. D. DECKER,
J. B. Strohm, Clerk. Commissioners.
Bellefonte, Aug. 16, 1889.

AGENTS WANTED | TO SELL AN | ENTIRELY NEW BOOK

The most wonderful collection of practical, real value and every day use for the people ever published on the globe. A marvel of money saving and money earning for every one owning it. Thousands of beautiful, helpful engravings, showing just how to do everything. No competition; nothing like it in the universe. When you select that which is of true value, sales are sure. All sincerely desiring paying employment and looking for something thoroughly first class at an extraordinary low price, should write for description and terms on the most remarkable achievement in book making since the world began.

SCAMMEL & CO., Box 5003,
25July6m. St. Louis or Philadelphia.

LEGAL NOTICE.—NOTICE IS HEREBY given that the following accounts have been filed in the Prothonotary's Office of Centre County, and will be presented at the next term of Court for confirmation:

The account of Dr. P. T. Musser, Assignee of Jacob W. Snook, in trust for the benefit of creditors.

The first and partial account of C. M. Bower, Committee of Margery C. Wilson, lunatic.

The account of Daniel Irwin, Committee of Joseph Kelso, lunatic. L. A. SCHAEFFER,
Bellefonte, Aug. 5, 1889. Prothonotary.

WANTED RELIABLE, ENERGETIC MEN AS SALESMEN.

Truthful men,—No liars wanted. New blood—no old scaly agents, that can't maintain a place with a reliable firm. Experience not required. We can make a good saleman of any pushing, active man. Salary and expenses, (or commission.) Stock guaranteed pure.

H. W. FOSTER & CO., Nurserymen,
1a3t Box C., Geneva, New York.

Bargains! :-: New Goods!

We are now prepared to have the public call at our store and inspect our new line of goods. They were selected with the greatest care and embrace an endless variety of new designs and patterns worn during the Fall and Winter seasons.

Our line of Fancy Plads, Tricots, Fall Prints, and All-Wool Suiting, are fine, and will please our early customers, and are selling rapidly. Woolen Blankets, Haps, Quilts, and many other goods.

SPECIAL BARGAINS !----O----SPECIAL BARGAINS

Come and see the special bargains we are offering in Cashmeres; prices lower than ever. Our stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Overcoats, Gossamers, Gum Coats, is complete and will speak for themselves. Come and see the new goods at

Harper & Kreamer's.

McCORMICK BROS, | McCORMICK BROS
CENTRE HALL, PA. | CENTRE HALL, PA.

—DEALERS IN ALL KINDS—

-:- FURNITURE -:-

Bed Room Suits, Parlor Suits,
Side Boards, Lounges, Tables,
Bedsteads, Wood and Cane-Seat Chairs

Undertaking a Specialty.

WILLIAMS & ROGERS'

Rochester Business University

A LEADING, POPULAR, PRACTICAL COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

COMMERCIAL SHORTHAND, PRACTICAL ENGLISH AND MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.

Presents an opportunity for securing preparation for the real work of life, which thousands of Young Men have found a stepping stone to HONORABLE and CONSPICUOUS SUCCESS. The Institution is in a most prosperous condition, and its patronage is composed of a superior class of young men and women from all parts of the continent. Send for catalogue and illustrated circular to

WILLIAMS & ROGERS, Rochester, N. Y.